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A/N

So, I'm doing a oneshots. Suggest couples please :)

And I'm working on a RusGer oneshot so yay

CanAme #1

Alright, so I know that I was going to do a RusGer Oneshot. But I may (or may not) be transferring that to another book. So here, have some CanAme.

Warning:
Incest (if you consider them brothers, which I do)
Fluff (Smut for the next request I promise)
And a secret side to Canada that you would probably expect to see from the creator of pornhub.

All set? Let's go!!

Canada's POV

I heard my alarm and sat up before staring at it for a while. I must have spaced out, because the next thing I knew my dad was shouting up the stairs, saying that he was going to take my other dad and my two younger siblings, Australia and New Zealand, out shopping with him, and a door slammed. I glanced back at the time, and somehow I had spaced out for a good two hours. Geez was my brain annoying.

I gently pushed the button to turn the alarm off before standing up, stretching and grabbing my clothes, a red and yellow tartaned shirt, black jeans and socks, and of course, my raccoon hat. I made sure it was all looking alright before turning the handle and seeing the mess in the corridor.

America. Of course, he was sprawled out in the corridor, hungover from yesterday. I look into his room and see Russia stare at me, before opening the window. So much for secrecy. If it was me, I would have just asked his parents if it was alright to use the front door. It's not like 'murica and Russia's dad were still in a feud, they stopped that when he gave his children a bit of land each and retired to his basement.

I shook my head and picked my brother off the floor, struggling a little since even though he was 4 foot 9, he was rather chubby. *Which of course I didn't min-* I internally slapped myself. *Bad Canada...not in the morning eh? Self control.* I dragged him to the washroom before splashing cold water in his face, slowly waking up.

"I swear brother, you need to stop drinking as heavily as Russia, your alcohol limit isn't nearly as high as his." This earned me a few grumbles and groans of denial, and I left him by the toilet whilst I went to his room and tried to find clean clothes. That was hard. 1, he never put anything away so I could hardly see the carpet, 2, everything smelt like...y'know. 3, alcohol everywhere, and 4, a drunk Russia still struggling to climb out of the window. Most of the alcohol bottles were Russia's, 'murica would never drink vodka. I picked up his t-shirt and jeans, as well as his sunglasses from the corridor before going back to him. At least he was functioning a little better than before, he was managing to not make a big mess on the tiles and direct most of his puke into the toilet bowl. Good.

I put his clothes down and sighed. "Brother, we need to get you out of those clothes, you smell like vodka, eh? And don't try to deny that Russia wasn't in your room because I just saw him roll out of your window." He just looked at me, and I tried to avoid staring but couldn't help it. His eyes were the most unique I've ever seen; a deep black, with one red and one white pupil. None of the rest of us country humans had pupils, so I wondered why.

All of a sudden, I heard clicks in front of my face and I jumped before chuckling. "Sorry brother..." I tried to avoid the fact that I had zoned out staring at his face. I rubbed the back of his neck before throwing his t-shirt at him. I turned to go, but he grabbed my leg. I turned to see him and sighed. How does one person get so stuck on a t-shirt? Well I suppose it doesn't help when that particular t-shirt belonged to an 8 foot giant. I decided to help him. Yes, I didn't like him as much as Aussie or Kiwi, but he still was my eldest brother. He helped me, so I felt obliged to help him. I pushed a limb back in and somehow got him fixed again. I looked at him and turned away, screaming internally. *Russia is so lucky-Canada, not now...he's your brother, get those thoughts out of your head...* I

sighed and rubbed my temples before grabbing his replacement t-shirt and pulling it over his head. There. Now it was just the fact of putting on his trousers. I caught my own breath and looked away, putting on his trousers whilst staring at the floor. I finally finished dressing him and I went to stand up, but he grabbed my arm. I was confused but went back down. "Brother, what are you-"

He kissed me. He kissed me, before passing out, his head flopping onto my chest. Goddammit. He must still at least be a little drunk. I rubbed my lips, blushing heavily and failing to keep my breaths under control. *Goddammit Canada...this was the one time you **weren't** supposed to be thinking of this stuff and you let him kiss you, eh?* I gently knocked my head, telling myself to shut up, before going to stand up. I grabbed my brother and after five tries of trying to lift him up, I finally got him off the floor, holding him in a childish way. His legs automatically wrapped around my waist and I sighed, rubbing his head and walking him to my bedroom since his was going to be impossible to manoeuvre through.

Once in my bedroom, I tried to separate him from me, but he wasn't budging and I was sure that I could see a grin starting to form on his face. God, he was so easy to tell when he's fake sleeping.

"B-Brother! I know you're awake, now stop wrapping your legs around-" I squeaked as he grabbed my arm and yanked me beside him on my bed, kissing my forehead before going to sleep for real this time. *Fuck it Canada...* I scooched **((like, moved))** closer to him and wrapped my arm around him, nuzzling into his neck so he wouldn't be cold. I just had one thought as I went to sleep.

Goshdarnit Alabama...or Florida...I know it's one of you two...

So um *sweats* was it alright? I tend to blab on when I'm typing, so please tell me if it's not good and how to improve. And even though English is my first language, it's still hard, so um yeah, let me know of any spelling mistakes. But I'm British, so I'm not correcting British English to American English. Anyway, keep suggesting. I'll do a RusGer smut at some point but whether that would be today or the next few days I have no idea. Abair latha sgoinneil! (Have a great day!)

EDIT 1: Spelling and grammar mistakes. Thanks, Grammarly.

EDIT 2: I made Canada, more…Canada.

RusGer #1

DON'T LIKE. DON'T READ. I AM NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR ACTIONS.

Headcanons:

- Germany: black wings, workaholic, a smart cookie who has no idea how to put across emotions, tends to go on and on about projects and work and rants about it to the nearest person to him. 76, looks about 35. Also sharp teeth ;)
- Russia: not a drunkard but still likes his vodka, prefers to listen rather than talk which is how he and Germany get on exceptionally well, as well as the fact of basically being brothers at this point. 30, looks about that age too.
- EU: doesn't need sleep and doesn't see the point in it, though he does go home and relax in out of office hours. Since he didn't technically run a country, he didn't get fatigued.

Warnings:
- Smut (I did tell ya that this one would be smut didn't ah?)
- Incest (more like step-siblings but ya)
- Workplace misconduct (I guess?)
- Awkward EU

I'm so sorry to the people that know me IRL, don't kill me ;-;

~~Germany's POV~~

Rubbing my hands on my head, I groaned. I had so much work to do, and yet so little time to get it done. What annoyed me, even more, is that my hand could not type fast enough. Despite being a reasonably new country - let's face it, nearly being 80 years old was not old, especially when some of these countries have been around for hundreds of years, I somehow was always busy with paperwork. I never knew if it had something to do with the fact that I was a workaholic or the fact that the other countries were slacking off. I

quickly went back to work, being so focused that I didn't realise the time flying by, the only sound breaking me out of my concentration was the loud knocks at my door. I looked up at the door before putting my pen down and pushing up my glasses. I straightened my tie as I answered.

"Ja? Komm herein!" I looked at the door as it opened, and caught the keys that were flung my way by the blue figure.

"As always, I'm trusting you to lock up the place, Germany, I'm going home in an hour, not that I can sleep anyway. Don't overwork yourself, we need your engineering brains at tomorrow's meeting."

I waved my hand, dismissing his comments. "EU, vu need to relax apout me, I don't haffe zat much bapervork. Und anyvay, zeze bapers von't get done on zeir ovn. Arh! Is zere anyone elze schtaying pack?"

"Noone else apart from Russia, but he's in the Slavic department anyway. Night, Germany. Remember what I said about sleep."

"Ja ja, I'll get zome sleep in. Arh ! I'll zee vu tomorrow at zee meeding." And with that, he was gone, leaving his door open a slight bit. I didn't mind, it was comforting to hear silence, the only noises coming from my phone buzzing occasionally and my pen scraping across the paper. Eventually, I had finished most of the papers. But I still had a small pile to do, and I had run out of coffee. I grabbed my cup and stood up, stretching and walking towards the break room.

~~Russia's POV~~

I laid across the couch in the break room, my flask of vodka in one hand and occasionally swigging from it. I hadn't stayed back for work at all, instead of using it as an excuse to get a break from my siblings. They knew they were old enough to move out, and instead, only Ukraine had moved out to live with America's brother. There was something about that happy-go-lucky red and white country...something that disturbed me. He sometimes had a grin on him that made him shiver, especially when he was filming, and I had only seen that grin on another person once before, plastered all

over Ukraine's shit-eating face as he found out what happened one night between myself and America.

Maybe they were a match, after all. But still...

I was jerked out of my thoughts by a door opening, and somehow I knew it was Germany before he entered. He looked stressed, tired, and no doubt he was nowhere near close to finishing for the night. I could read all my brothers like the back of my hand, and stepbrothers were no exception. I glanced at the clock and sighed. Most other countries had left hours ago, there was no excuse for the German to still be up at 1 in the morning. Deciding to make myself known, I sat up from the couch before groaning and laying back down. Screw it, I had made enough noise anyway for him to see and come over as the kettle was boiling. I moved my legs so he could sit down before laying them back across his lap. It was something that we had been doing for a while; the odd flirtatious comment there, the occasional grin or flick on the cheek. Despite Germany's teeth, and despite him being utterly afraid of others thinking about them, his grins looked nothing like his fathers. Or Canada's, that's for sure. Seeing the German relax a little, I took another swig from my flask and sighed.

"How have you been, брат?" The familiar accent soon hitting Germany and he seemed to jerk up before smiling, showing off those unique teeth of his.

"Alright, chust comblicaded vu know. Arh! Vith EU und Prexit und zen zere's zis vole COFFID bantemic und Hefferyone's vorried zat-"

Somewhere in his ranting, he switched to German, ranting on and on, seemingly only taking a breath when he was just about to pass out. After a while, he trailed off, seemingly haven caught himself ranting eventually. He looked at me and I looked at him before smiling and holding out my flask to him. It had happened so often that we didn't need to exchange words.

~~Germany POV~~

God, how long had I been ranting for? And how long was I not using English? I mentally scolded myself, placing my arms over

Russia's legs. At first, we didn't get along. You know the story, his father hated mine, and since they were still alive (and neighbours) they were even more pissed with each other. God, it hurt to hear them shout. I lived 5 blocks away and I could still hear my father screeching at USSR out of his window, and then USSR yelling back. It would have been comedic if it wasn't for the fact that both of them had hurt a lot of people, and it gave me a bad time with panic attacks and the like. If all of that was left out and all that people knew were that they once dated, it would be just the normal conversation between two exes. It was part of the reason why I was hardly at my house. I saw something out of the corner of my eye and smiled as Russia handed me his flask. I took it, gently brushing his hand and making myself flush a little in the process. Patting Russia's shins, I took a gulp, and then another before handing it back, wiping my mouth. I shouldn't be drinking, my handwriting will get sloppy, and then that would make EU mad as well. That and acid reflux will not be my friend in five minutes. But who cares, it was just us two in the building. I leaned back into the sofa, hearing the kettle click off but not being bothered to get up. I was tired, and Russia was too heavy for me to lift his legs off of me. I grinned a little and glanced at him.

"Hey, Russland?" I got a grunt and a "Da?" back. "How apout vu come to mein office und ve can condinue chatting vilst I finisch off mein vork?" I glanced over, and saw him grinning, making myself chuckle and blush. He lifted his legs and I quickly whipped up a coffee before we started to walk back to my office. I couldn't help but feel a little giddy in my stomach, and it wasn't acid. We had talked about potentially being 'brothers with benefits' as he called it. I had an inkling of what the idea was, and surprisingly, I was alright with that idea. Not only was it a way to get our sexual tensions out, but we also wouldn't be ruining our friendship. And no one would suspect it either, we already hung out loads together and I never had anyone else around me anyway. We soon make it to my office, it was one of the ones closest to the break room due to the amount of coffee that I drank. We weren't even in my office and I had already drunk a third of it. Damn, I needed to get off of this caffeine. No sooner had I sat down than my phone started to ring again. I looked at it and gulped before setting it to the side. Russia looked over at the caller before sighing

"Yourrr отец still trrrying to kall you, hmm?"

"Ja...he's peen calling consdantly recently, Hunfortunately. Arh zucks put I chust ignore him." I sighed and took my glasses off, rubbing my eyes before pinching the bridge of my nose. I don't know why he was trying to call me, because I said I never wanted contact with him again. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and I looked up at him as he grinned again. God, that smirk looks hot on him. I couldn't return the favour, only giving a small smirk, suddenly cautious about my teeth again.

"Rrrelax, Германия, it's only me herrre, I don't mind yourrr smile." I caught myself easing and grinning at him back as soon as he said that. No wonder Americal was trying his hardest to get the Russian to date him, he was hot as all hell. Probably hotter than hell, now that I thought about it.

"Danke, Russland." I felt his other hand on my chin, and I grinned more, chuckling to myself like an idiot. "Vu knows Bruder, I zink I need ein distraczion tonight, I'fe peen vorking too hard."

Distraction. That was our code word, especially for this time, where one of us was ready for the other. I rubbed the side of my face, squinting my glasses and slowly moving papers aside as to not damage or crease them. I didn't even know if he wanted to or not, my mind started to race and my face heated up. What if he didn't want to, what if he-

I was cut off by Russia, kissing me. I hesitated before wrapping my arms around his neck. Fuck it. If we were doing it, I'd rather do it here than anywhere else. He pulled away and I whined, only for him to walk around the table and taking my seat, since we had both stood up during the kiss. I cleared the desk from everything that was on it, careful not to make too much noise, before sitting down in his lap. I let him tip the liquid that was in his flask up to my mouth, and I drank more mouthfuls before holding back a burp and rubbing my chest. "Nein, nein more, mein acid reflux vill get vorze..." I paused, still rubbing my chest and swallowing before grabbing the bottle of water that was on my desk, slowly sipping it as Russia finished off the flask of what I assumed was vodka. I was just drinking it then, not really caring what it was as long as it

helped calm my nerves. I groaned and chuckled, glad that it was finally over. Damn it hurt, but I did not need to be throwing up right now, I could always do that later after Russia was back at his house. I set the bottle down on the floor before turning back to Russia, who was busy inspecting how little vodka he had left. I smiled and seized the moment, leaning into his neck and breath-taking into his ear. "Chust chug zee rest hun, ve can reblace it later~" It seemed to have worked. I giggled to myself as a very light blush spread across his cheeks and he tipped the flask up, finishing it off and chucking the flask on the floor. "Did vu haffe to throw it? Ve don't know vo's left in zee puilding-" He kissed me again to shut me up, and this time we kissed for longer, starting to relax and push each other. We eventually pulled away, and I panted as he grinned.

"If zey didn't know ve verrre herrre beforrre, zey know now. Don't be so skarrred, it's not like zey kan do anything." I chuckled and managed to catch my breath. I suppose that was true. I felt a little awkward before he tugged at my tie. I chuckled as I got what he wanted me to do, and I slowly took my tie off, setting it on top of my desk before slipping my suspenders off of my shoulders. I squeaked as I was lifted and plonked onto my desk, my back against the cold wood. I stared up at him before taking off my glasses. "Vu'll haffe to help, Russland...I can't zee fery vell vizout mein glazes put zey'll get in zee vay." He didn't hesitate, grabbing my shirt and taking it off in some form of hurried fashion before doing the same with his shirt, but leaving on his ushanka. I grinned, it was quite funny how much he wore the thing. I reached up and patted his head before squeaking as my wrist was pulled back down to the table, my other wrist soon to follow. Scheiße. I wriggled a little, trying to get out of his grasp. I didn't really want to get out, in fact, I liked it more when he controlled my wiggling more. I giggled a little, watching him curiously. He then leant down to me and started going at my neck, biting mainly as he pressed his body on top of mine.

It was a weird feeling, one that I hadn't had in a while...but it felt better this time. The same red skin was there like last time, but all I had to do was look at his face to calm down. He pressed against my body more, causing me to squeak when he pressed our crotches together. Squeak. Not moan, not anything remotely sexy. Squeak. I

felt him pause, and I got scared, again, relaxing as I heard his deep chuckle and I squeaked again as he pressed again. He eventually pulled away, and I whined, missing his warmth already.

"Ничего страшного, всего на пару секунд ~" I didn't understand what he said, but I didn't care, whatever he said sent a good shiver down my spine. I felt his hands on my belt and a lump formed in my throat, but I shook it away and let him unbuckle my belt, smiling at him as he looked at me, a little worried. "It's okay Russland, it's nozing to pe vorried apout, chust zome sdubid zing zat habened years ako...vu're not him anyvay."

~~Third Person POV~~

With that comment, Russia pulled Germany's trousers off, earning him a surprised yelp from his older step-sibling. He pulled at his boxers before taking those off too, taking a moment to just look at Germany before taking his semi-erect length into his hand. Slowly starting to jack Germany off, he undoes his own belt and gets himself naked, but reaching up and making sure that his ushanka was straight and still on his head. After being satisfied with how it was sitting, he went back to pleasuring Germany, chuckling to himself as he saw the state that his step sibling was in. Either he hadn't had this before, or he hadn't done it in a while. He rubbed Germany's neck before starting to kiss at it again, pressing his own semi-erect member up against Germany's. They started to make out again, slowly getting sloppier as the vodka they had drunk a few minutes ago started to settle in their systems, starting to grind against each other in a needy fashion. Germany grips onto Russia's back, clawing his back as he pants out the familiar feeling in him. It feels so good to him, much better than years ago. He lets out a groan and whimpers louder, muttering in German into his step brother's ears. They pull away from each other after a while, both of them close and both of them desperate for the other. Germany whimpered as he felt Russia's fingers push up against his lips, and obediently sucked them when he commanded him to do so. He curled his tongue around them, feeling needier by the second. Once Russia was satisfied, he slowly inserted one into Germany's ass, making sure that he was alright with it, but with the grip on his shoulders and the sounds that were coming from his mouth, he

slipped in a second before a third finger. He thrust into Germany for a bit before pulling his fingers out, using the leftover saliva on them to lubricate his member before pushing it up against his hole. Russia looked at Germany, almost as a last warning and to see if he was alright. With a small nod, he shoves himself all in at once.

Germany yelped and grabbed onto Russia, panting and gripping onto his back. He knew of the pain, but it was weird since it was not all pain this time. This time, it felt good as well. He felt Russia pause, waiting for his pain to subside. After a while, he buried his head into Russia's shoulder and gently rocked his hips, groaning at how it felt. Russia took this as Germany being ready because he grabbed his hips, holding them onto the table and started to thrust into him, gradually picking up speed as the German demanded to him. They were both blushing, moaning messes, already close to climaxing before they started, so it didn't take long for them to finish each other off, yelling each other's names in their native tongue. They laid on his table for a bit, catching their breaths, before deciding to clean up, Russia having to take Germany home due to him limping.

---BONUS---

EU: goddammit why did I have to put Germany's office right next to mine

Translations:

- Ja? Komm herein!**: Yes? Come in!**
- брат**: brother**
- отец**: father**
- Danke, Russland**: Thanks, Russia**
-Ничего страшного, всего на пару секунд ~**: It's okay, it's only for a couple of seconds~**

I am so sorry it's not very good but bloody hell 2926 words. I'm going to try and aim for this many in the future.

Can O' Rus #1

Here's some fluff. I love this ship, and I have no idea why. Keep suggesting ships, please! Though I am bad at writing straight ships I will try. :)

--Canada POV--

I whistled, in the middle of making dinner, just stirring the pot over and over again whilst thinking about my boyfriend. I have no idea why I kept thinking of him all day, possibly it was to do with the fact that we had done it last night, and what made that better was that he let me record it all. It was so long that the video has been processing all day, it wasn't like all the other videos that I had posted. We had been together for so long at this point that I had lost count, but my father always told me that high school love never lasts. Well, occasionally he can be wrong, and this was a case where he was most definitely wrong. Humming, I put the casserole dish into the oven and rubbed my neck, feeling all the bites he had left. It felt amazing to even feel them hours afterwards, though it sucked that I had to take a day off work because of it. Oh well. It's not like my country was in the middle of a crisis, my brother's country has had a sudden spout of killers.

Again.

Guns.

I tell ya, guns are bad.

I finished washing up and let the plates drip dry, drying my hands and cleaning the sink out before looking at the time. Russia would be home soon, home to the small log cabin that we both lived in. It was hard, even though I was the favourite child, to convince my fathers to let me move out with Russia to a cabin, but not as hard as

telling my brother that I was dating him. He was still mad at Russia, though Russia wasn't mad with him, and it took 10 2-litre bottles of coca-cola for America to slightly forgive Russia. It was funny sometimes how my brother was so complex but also so simple.

I heard a door shut and I turned around, fiddling with the cuffs of my flannel as he noisily walked to the kitchen.

"Afternoon, darling..." He went over to the alcohol cupboard but I blocked his way. "Remember what I said? A glass after dinner and that's your limit." He sighed and then hugged me. Unusual, especially for Russia. "What happened, Russia?" He sighed again.

"EU." He took his time, and I made sure to keep hugging him and rubbing his back. "EU annoying...verrry." I kept rubbing his back, knowing that he calmed down by my rubs. I felt his hand on my neck after a while and I went bright red as he traced over all his marks.

"I did good job, da?" I shyly nodded and stifled a giggle as his face showed half concern and half pride in his work, trying to hide a cocky grin before being confused.

"Nada...how you stand?" This time it was my turn to hide a grin.

"Ruski, you do remember how much experience I have, eh?" I rubbed his cheek before giggling a little. "I will admit though...it still hurts a little. We haven't had a long session like that in a while." I rubbed my cheek against his cheek. Being nearly similar in height, it was easier to show affection to him, but it didn't help that both of us had constant lumps on our heads from whacking our heads off of doorframes. Being over 2 metres in height doesn't do a lot for the 2-metre standard doorframes.

I turned around to face him and smiled as we adjusted each other's hats. "Dinner is in ten...do you want to get changed out of that shirt, mon chéri?" I kissed his cheek and he walked away to change.

--Russia's POV--

Dammit, he was so adorable.

I walked up to the bedroom, lazily throwing off my shirt and letting it fall to the floor before sitting on the bed. I rubbed my eyes and sighed. He was almost too adorable, my heart stopped every time I looked at him. How one person could switch from adorable to utter kinkiness to back to being adorable in a click of his fingers was a wonder to me, and still would be. I still couldn't believe that I let him record last night though, but I couldn't resist the puppy dog eyes. And anyway, he had secret recordings of practically any country screwing other countries. They were well aware that someone was recording them all the time, and sometimes they checked around the room for hidden cameras. But the cameras were never found. It was sort of terrifying how he could have learnt to hide them that well, and it wasn't like he learnt from his family. America was a king at eating, and the twins couldn't even hide traps well, never mind cameras.

Everyone kept asking me questions about him all day. Seemingly everyone took my *he is sick* excuse at face value, the exceptions being America and Germany. But that was to be expected. Siblings can tell when another sibling is lying, even if they were only step-siblings. I grabbed a t-shirt and hesitated to put it on, before slipping it on. Work was rough, but I could never take it out on Canada. His heart was so pure, even when it wasn't it was still pure. Most of the time a couple of glances would tell him whether work was alright or a pile of shit, or if I was feeling guilty because I had dumped all my work on Germany again, even though he asked for work.

I kept telling Germany that he needed to stop that habit of his, the need to work all the time. He told me he would work on it, but we both knew why he was always busy and most countries just chalked it up to him trying to pay off debts. In a way, they weren't half wrong.

I heard Canada's voice echo up from the stairs and I jolted my head up before smiling and almost bouncing down the stairs, the earflaps of my hat bouncing. I had never had sausage casserole before, but the smell hit me like a waft of air as soon as I stood in the doorway of the kitchen. It was a smell I had never smelt before, but it was a good smell. My stomach growled in response to the smell and I

went red as Canada chuckled a little in response.

God, that laugh was so intoxicating.

He set a glass down in front of my plate, filled with watered-down vodka. It wasn't what I wanted but again, I kept my mouth shut. I hated his sad look, the days where he wouldn't say anything and just bite his lip and just-

"Ruski." He snapped me out of my thoughts and I smiled appreciatively, realising I had stabbed the table with my fork. "Ruski, you're so tensed up...you want to watch a movie after dinner?"

I smiled and nodded.

He somehow always knew how to cheer me up...

God he's so adorable.

So, thank you for this. This is the most reads I think I've ever gotten on any book of mine. Please, keep suggesting ships and story ideas, I love to do your ideas, mainly because mine are all shite. Thank you again, and Gute Nacht!

[image]

After WW3

The year is 2198. The just seized nuclear war has brought devastation onto the world. UK is no more, being split up into five: Northern Ireland, Wales, England, Scotland and the Highland Isles, the island physically separated by how much the nukes hurt the land. Northern Ireland almost immediately reunited with the Republic of Ireland to make one whole Ireland. Russia has been split into two, democratic and socialist, civil war seizing 50 years previously, and Korea has been reunited. During this time of stress and need, countries cannot regenerate their limbs. Some have had to get prosthetics, or even heads replaced. The countries that weren't hurt in the fight are machinists, countries and humans that work to keep the living that still depend on them, alive.

--Germany's POV--

With a final twist, Czech's heart was back in place in his chest cavity.

I had spent weeks on Czech Republic after the war just ended for him. His disease ate his chest away, and he was barely alive when he arrived in the offices. Preserving his body so it didn't decompose was the hardest part; salt was my best friend, but I also had to keep the rest of the body functions working as I worked on the metallic heart and lungs to replace his. Essentially, his brain was in a coma whilst the rest of his body was supported off of machines.

I was well proud of this contraption. It had saved many country and human lives, and I believed that it could be produced and used by other machinists. Unfortunately, my father still replaced me whenever I was brought up, so I was stuck working by myself. I didn't care. I liked the silence. It was comforting, deafening, and reminded me that I only needed myself.

I shook my head, finishing wiring Czech up, and getting everything working before using the machine to slowly bring him out of his coma. It would take a few hours, and I used this opportunity to go off and make myself coffee, something that I was glad to drink

again after it becoming scarce during the war. Taking a sip of my now-completed coffee, I relaxed for a bit before hearing a thump. I set the cup down and walked back into Czech's recovery room, lifting him up and placing him on the seat. He woke up much faster than expected.

"How you you feel, mein freund?"

"I feel like I've just been stabbed to shit and then thrown into nuclear wasteland..."

"Ach, well, I tried to reduce the amount of pain that you're feeling but it will still be a little hard." I handed him some painkillers and a glass of water, all of which he gladly took. "Now, I'll phone your brother and he can take you home, ja?"

Long story short, his brother came almost immediately and helped him out, much to his disgruntlement. Most countries didn't know that they were going to be transferred to me, and most *still* held a grudge against me for my father's actions. I mean, yes, he was revived during this most recent war so that he could help China, but it did not mean that he was me.

I sighed. Silence again. It was a blessing and a curse at the same time. Most other countries had partners, or at least someone to rely on. Britain and France were together once again, America had Russia (and a few kids along with that), even North Korea and Martial Law were together. At least with other countries, they were rejected for their personality. I was rejected for my father's actions. The one that hurt the most was Poland. I knew I was never, ever, going to be able to get remotely close to him. Out of all the countries, he had the most reason to hate my family, and I got the brunt force of his anger. There were several times where Canada had to step in because Poland had slipped through my window, drunk, and beaten my ass with his vodka bottle.

Canada. The sweet, not so innocent country was my only companion during the war. Both of us were neutral throughout the whole thing so it made sense for us to stick together. But we were talking even before the wars broke out. Maybe he was the one? I shook my head. He has the russian nuclear fallout as his partner,

there's no need to get in the way of their relationship. It hurt to think about, but I had accepted it at this point. I was going to be alone, just me and my machines. At least I could be of some help before I inevitably locked myself away from the outside world. I went to the kitchen, and saw a certain white and red flagged country, clambering in through a smashed window.

Well, it wouldn't be the last time I would get beat after helping a country, that was for sure.

Might make this into a longer book. Depends if you guys liked this! Also I know it's been a hot minute since I've updated but I started writing this at 0206 this morning and thought it was a good enough idea to go in here!!

Germany #1

[image]

Request by

Thank you for requesting!

I may do more oneshots with Germany, I enjoy writing him since he's easy to base off of my own personality. Anyways, onto the story!! And yes, I'm making this a Germany/America son/father sort of oneshot because it fits like that :)

I groaned as I woke up, blinking a couple of times before shielding my eyes with my hand. The sun was at the level of it shining through the window and getting right into my eyes. I looked over at the alarm clock, and I was confused.

1057? It can't be that, my alarm clock must be slow-no. It was winter. The sun was only just rising, late due to the reduced hours of sunlight in November.

...

...

I was nearly two hours late.

Shrieking, I fell out of bed, hitting the ground harshly. I groaned and picked myself up before grabbing my prosthetic. I wasn't thinking right, just grabbing the suit that I had laid out the table and shoving it on before standing in the front doorway.

"Keys...computer..." I froze. What was I forgetting? "Ah, phone!" I

ran back in, grabbed it, before leaving the house, immediately nearly falling over on the front steps. My prosthetic slid on the ice, not leaving me with much as I slid down the driveway and hit into the car. I wasn't hurt, not yet, but at least I had a reason for being late. I struggled for a while before getting into the car, having to drive slow due to the grit not working on the road. I cursed myself out to hell as I drove no faster than 30mph **((about 48 kph))**, telling myself off for waking up late. I stopped as the phone rang, and I punched a button on my car to answer it.

"Hallo?"

"Germany-I take it, by that tone of voice, that you've had a rough morning, hmm son? I was starting to get worried-"

"I have, Britain. The ice is pissing me off." I assumed he had me on speaker because I heard laughter and something about me gassing the ice. Without the accent, I could immediately tell who it was. "Tell Polen to shut the fick up, I'm busy driving." More laughter.

"*Tell Polen to shut the fick up, I'm busy driving-"*

"Poland, give me my phone back-"

"ODPIEPRZ SIĘ BRITANIĘ **((FUCK OFF BRITAIN))** I'M BUSY MOCK GERMANY!" I groaned and let him mock me. Last time I hung up, I got a talking to by both EU and NATO because Poland refused to do any work afterwards. It was annoying and I wished that I was allowed to work from my home country, but unfortunately humans tried to blow up the building too many times.

I eventually got there after nearly crashing three separate times, all when Poland yelled at me again. It got annoying, and he hung up when I was close to the building. I parked, and waved at Russia who was standing outside with America, already taking a break from the chaos inside.

I swear, some countries (I'm looking at you, Poland and Japan) just piss off other countries. It's like a playhouse or a nursery more than an office block.

Russia started to walk over, and I forgot that he could walk on ice very well, almost as if it didn't existed. I opened the door, got out and my foot disappeared from underneath me, causing me to fall forwards and whack my face right off of the black ice that was on the tarmac.

"Ow..."

I groaned as I felt pain throughout my right leg (and my left stump) and pain on the front of my face. I felt hands pick me up, and I held my nose as America pulled me to my feet. Oh right. He had teleportation, how did I forget that?"

"That was fucking stupid, Germany!! I could have teleported you over!"

"He would say no, America. You know Ger."

"Unfortunately I do...he hasn't changed since he was little-"

"Dad! Shut it!" I slapped a hand over America's mouth, attempting to keep him quiet. Russia looked at me before remembering.

"Forgot he was your foster dad. I never hear you calling Britain or France that."

"That's because those two fuckers didn't help apart from paying me! I raised him with my states!" Russia held his hands up at America, who at this point was seething.

"Vati **((dad))**, it's okay. How about we get me across this death sheet, okay?" America looked at me and teleported us to the door entrance whilst Russia just slid, seemingly enjoying himself though his face didn't show any emotion as per usual. I was helped up to WHO's office, and I groaned since it was awkward for me to walk with my prosthetic normally, but now with my other usable leg fucked up somehow, something running down the front of my face which I could only assume was blood, and the fact that my glasses were shattered meant I was virtually useless at walking. America finally got me to the office and I flinched as I heard a surprised yelp come from WHO.

"What the hell?! Did Poland punch you again?"

"Nein...the ice attacked me..." I heard America sigh as I was put onto a spare bed.

"No, he fell and whacked his head off of the pavement after his leg gave out." WHO groaned and started to work with me. Long story short, I had badly sprained my ankle. I could still walk but I had to use crutches. Which was a pleasure. Not.

I was let out of her office after a while, grumbling to myself as I made my way to my office, thankfully not encountering any people. I carried on with my work as if it was as per normal, except I didn't come out for lunch, which apparently had people worried.

Knock-knock.

"Komm herein! **((Come in!))**" I was a little surprised to see America, with a slightly pissed off France.

"What did he do this time? Just looks like he broke his nose again, non **((no))**?"

"No, France, he twisted his ankle. I told you the parking lot needed more grit!" France just looked at me before walking out. "What a great fucking foster parent you are..." America walked over to me before setting down two cups and two tubs, passing one of each over to me. He sat down beside me and opened the lid to his tub, starting to wolf down his meal before pausing as he saw me continuing to work. "Pause your shitty work for a moment and eat, I'm fed up of not seeing you eat."

"Vati, I do eat-"

"Bullshit, you're getting thinner, and you're having to wear your suspenders again." I sighed and poked at the food, drinking my coffee before answering him.

"I just find it hard to, pap."

"Just eat a little...bit-t-te **((please but broken up))**?" I looked up at him. I couldn't ignore his puppy eyes, even when most other

countries could because they found America brash, loud and annoying. Maybe I was biased. Yes, he was like that, but he did care. Especially didn't help when he spoke in my language. He knew he would get his own way then. Sighing, I opened the tub and grabbed a sandwich before slowly eating it. I never knew how he managed to look after 50 other children and still had time to make an extra sandwich on some days, I assumed it was parent magic. I mean, I wasn't his first nor his last. I watched him as he had finished already.

"Pap, you need to slow down your eating, you could get heartburn and then that wouldn't be so good."

"Shush, Germany. It just shows that I enjoy whoever made this sandwich."

"You made it-"

"Exactly! I'm a masterchef!" I chuckled a little and picked up the second half of my sandwich. "And I even got the mustard right! Though you have an unhealthy addiction to that yellow stuff."

"I could say the same for you and McDonalds, dad."

"At least I don't drink it out the bottle." I could only giggle in response.

"Alright, you have me beat!" I looked over to the doorway and smiled. "Russia! Come!"

"You...fuck...what?" Both me and America burst out laughing, trying to explain the mustard situation. After all of this, I was kind of glad that I fell over, but it still sucked buying new glasses.

I hope it's okay!!

After WW3 (#2)

Emo_warrior365 **you requested Germo-angst. And Germo-angst you shall get! I have morphed it into another America/ Germany father/son oneshot because I can!**

Apologies for the tag in but I think I figured out my tag problem lol

WARNINGS: angst (who would have thought *?*), mentions of abuse, mentions of self-harm, one overly concerned America.

Why does Poland do this?

I cradled an obviously traumatized Germany in my arms, trying to get him back down onto this earth and away from what hell he was going through right now. All I knew was that it wasn't nice for Germany, and it hurt to see him like this. I wasn't even his biological father yet he respected and loved me like one. I never wanted to abuse his trust, not ever. To me, he was just as much of a son than my states. I could understand how France didn't want to look after him after being held hostage by Third Reich for ages, but my father had no excuse, and it angered me everytime he mocked, or remotely asked about Germany. "Germany? Germs, please." I clicked in front of his face and sighed as I felt him go limp in my arms. Great. It wasn't like it hadn't happened before, in fact, it happened most times I went over there to check up on him, either out of fear for whatever he was remembering or overworking. It was often a mixture of both.

Sighing, I carried him upstairs to his bathroom, putting him into a sitting up position before starting to fill up the bath for him. His hot water only went up so much, and even without putting cold water into it I had to boil the kettle so it would be warm enough. Looking over at Germany, I hesitated before starting to slowly get his clothes off. I didn't like doing this, I could miss buttons sometimes and I hated doing that. I was technically blind, but I could see less in the sunlight than in the darkness which was why I always wore my

sunglasses.

I managed to get his shirt off, and I sighed at the bandages on his arms and chest. I slowly unwrapped them, and I immediately felt guilty for even trying to see them again even though I knew what he was doing. The chest bandage was there to hide the two scars on his back where his wings once were, but his arm bandages hid old and new scars, burns, and I assumed whatever he could grab to cause pain to himself. I felt him stir underneath me and I gently held his cheek.

"Germany?" He moved some more, and sat himself up more.

"V-Vater...I..." He finished undressing himself before sliding himself into the bath. "What...did I do this time?"

"You only panicked, that's all son...your prosthetic, Germany..." I heard him grumble and I sighed. "I know you don't like it Germany but getting it wet is not going to help, and anyway, the part of your leg that is left still needs to be washed." I slowly reached towards it and Germany let me take it off. "I'll go get you some new clothes, alright?" I didn't hear anything from him as I walked out, so I assumed he was alright.

Walking to his room, I made sure not to disturb anything that I didn't need to. I made that mistake once, and never again. It was disturbing to watch him obsess over everything but I couldn't help him. I had tried, and it hadn't worked. I came back with clothes, and saw him sitting on the floor, a towel wrapped around his shoulders as he stared at the floor.

"Germany?" I sat down opposite, putting the pile of clothes on the floor beside us. He slowly hugged me before grabbing the clothes that I had brought through. He was slower than usual I had noticed and it did not help that I had suspicions about him not sleeping for weeks at a time. "Germany, come on...you seem terribly tired, why haven't you slept?"

"I..." I waited for him to finish thinking. "I had to fix Czech...he...barely made it...."

"Oh Ger..." I hugged him after he finished dressing. "You need to go to bed now though...I don't want you passing out again..." He slowly nodded before suddenly shaking his head.

"Nein, Vater...I still have to complete plans for Kaz's other wing, and for my own wings...and there's other countries that want plans as well-"

"You are not wasting away just to sell plans." He tried to protest but I grabbed his hand, pulling him up and pulling him through to his bedroom. "You need sleep, now."

"I don't want too-"

"I don't care-"

"I don't want to see it again Vater..." I sat him down on his bed before hugging him.

"I'm here now..."

"That...that doesn't stop them anymore, Vater..." He grabbed my hands and I patiently waited. "I...I see my brother again...and my Opa, and my...my..." I squeezed his hands and he gulped. "I...I...they go away when I hurt..."

"Shh...sleep just now and we can talk in the morning...I don't want you rambling..." He slowly nodded and I laid him down. "I'll clean everything up, don't worry..." He nodded and rolled over, and I stood up to let him sleep.

Oop, sorry for how long it took to get out but I hope you liked it :)

GerKaz #1

[image]

It's a shortened and rushed version of the first chapter of Parallel Universes! TEASER TIME BITCHES!

This ship may or may not be my OTP-

--Kazakhstan's POV--

I woke up 5 minutes before my alarm, but I didn't feel tired, rather excited actually as I jumped up and stood in the middle of my room, starting to bounce gently and my wings flapping gently. Why was I excited? Well, I had just been given my job by UN, and apparently it was a role that not many countries got. It may not seem like much to anyone, but to me it was a huge deal. Even Russia seemed jealous, which was completely not like my brother. Maybe it was because I was the youngest? I didn't know.

Calming down a little after a while, I sat down on the edge of my bed and started to preen my wings, wanting them to look their best even though they were looking good. I was one of few countries to have wings, but it was what they did that made them extra special to me. I could get them to shine in the dark, and I could get them to shine so brightly that it can stun people's sights. Sometimes I can't control it, but I try to.

I grabbed my shirt and put it on. My uniform was weird, but comfortable. Don't ask me how I find suits comfortable, but I do somehow. My brothers and sisters keep calling me an emotional Germany. Maybe I am, but I've never met him, so I didn't know what they were really talking about. I made sure my armbands were on, one for UN and one for NATO. I guessed they were my new bosses, though I saw that some of my siblings had more. Then again, they were all hunters apart from Belarus, who was a healer.

"Kaz! Earth to Sunshine!" I jolted and looked up. Speak of the devil.

"Bel! You're up too!" I happily hugged her, my wings hugging her too before flapping my wings. "I can't wait!"

"I know, you've been bouncing for the past five minutes...I still can't believe that you, out of all 15 of us, you got a secretary role!"

"I know right! I didn't know I was smart enough!" I squeaked and held her even more tightly. "And you helped me! I knew they respected you enough to give you your 'White Russia' nickname but I didn't realise that you were one of the top healers!"

"Kaz, grip!"

"Ah, blyat, I'm sorry!" I let go but my wings still flapped as Belarus started to fix my attire.

"You'll be a change in the office...you truly are like a kid version of Germany, after all."

"Hey, what does that mean? I don't even know what he's like!" She just smiled and patted my shoulder.

"By the end of today, you'll know." I whined and pouted as she left. Why can't anyone give me a straight answer? I grabbed my goggles and placed them on top of my head before grinning.

"Hell yeah...I look awesome!" I straightened my tie before running out of my bedroom, sitting on the side of the kitchen as everyone piled in. I chirply greeted everyone, most of them responding apart from Ukraine and Russia, who looked like they had been dragged backwards through bushes and them were made to fight. "Bad morning?" They both just grumbled and Ukraine tried to go back to sleep, which was hard with Tajikstan slapping his head against the table and Belarus screaming at him to stop. I could never be in a quiet house, far from it. I loved the chaos. Even though we beat each other to a pulp on a regular basis, we all loved each other. Russian love, I suppose.
I looked at the time before jumping off of the counter. "Sis, I'm leaving early incase thunder strikes! And yes, I'll go the air limit!!" I waved her goodbye before running outside, putting on my flying goggles, and taking off into the air.

I loved flying. It was relaxing, and interesting to watch the non-winged go to work and back. They always scurried around, rushing from one place to the next, whilst my flying enabled me to be fast but slow at the same time. I flew by the usual stopping point for hunters, pulling out a minimap before nodding and continuing on my pre-planned course. All of us different sections were separated for good measure, there were a few bitter people in the Hunters that would love to make us into more than plant food. I didn't blame them though. A secretary was a high ranking job and only the best were chosen. from what I had heard from my siblings, only 6 countries had made the Secretary position, not including those from other universes, which even less made it into the position. I think it was only one, if my memory served me right. Which most of the time, it didn't. I was so caught up in my thoughts that I nearly flew past the landing site for the winged, which made me chuckle to myself before quickly landing. I straightened everythingthat had been squinted by flying, taking off my goggles and placing them on top of my head before walking inside.

I was amazed as soon as I stepped inside. It was bassling with life, people rushing around. I saw the odd country but most were humans. I slowly walked up to the receptionist, who had been curiously watching me absent-mindedly approach her desk.

" Mr Nur-Sultan?" I jumped before nodding, almost forgetting about how our surnames were our country's capitals. She had a very strong English accent, which made it somehow easier for me to understand her.

"Da, that's me."

" It's a pleasure to have you here, sir. Now, I need to go over a few things with you before you visit UN and NATO. Follow me please." She stood up and I followed close behind her, trying to stop my wings from flapping in excitement. She showed me around 5 other country's offices- Britain, China, France, Canada and Egypt. I looked at her as she knocked on a certain door before taking two steps back.

"Huh? Why did you do that?" I was a little confused but followed her slightly in her actions. I heard footsteps and I cocked my head

as I watched the door open.

"Ah, you must be Kazakhstan." He held out his hand and I took it, shaking it. "Name's Germany. Your siblings have probably said a few things about me." I smiled a little.

"Only how they think I'm a more energetic version of you. I don't know how that works but I'm glad to meet you."

"As long as you work hard and pull your weight, then it will beapleasure to work with you." He went back into his office and I followed the receptionist to a meeting room where the organisations were. After greeting all of them Is at clown at the chair in which they pointed at and I sat down, grabbing onto my wings since they wouldn't stop moving.

"So, today is more of an introduction day, so you'll be heading off soon." I nodded at UN, who was talking to me. "I understand you take the air routes instead of the voids so if you think thatit is notsate tofly in, I'm sure one of your collegues will not mind helping you home. Now then. your bosses. You would have already been told that you are working for myself and NATO, both of which you have already met. The rest here are ASEAN, CON or Commonwealth of Nations, WHO and WTO." As he spoke he pointed to each, and I shook hands with each of them. "I think that's it for today. One of the others will give you your work stuff and then you are free to go. They should be here in five... four ..." He counted down, and on zero the door was knocked on. "He's always shockingly on time, it's rather scary." He opened the door and let Germany inside, who was carrying more than just my stuff. He gave me mysmall package and I thanked him before watching ashe put apile of papers on UN'S desk. "Germany, what did I say about working too hard?"

"Ich sorry UN, I just couldn't leav them sitting there overnight so I did them." He went to walk past before-

Bam!

A sudden clash of lightning. " Aw blyat, man... I kept an eye onthe weather patterns and everything... it must have moved faster than

they had predicted." I wrapped my wings around me.

"Ich can drive you home, I live near to the house."

"Spasibo, Germany. It would be appreciated." I smiled and walked outwith him. He wasn't as bad as my siblings had hinted at. He especially wasn't emotionless, he just tries to hide them. I could see why, I had gotten a glimpse of his teeth. I also suspected that he got a lot of shit just for being Third Reich's child. Seemingly people tended to forget that either I was USSR 's child, that my father also dida lot of bad things, or both. The drive back was interesting too. Mainly more talking, but Germany seemed quieter than he normally was. Or, what I had guessed was him normally quiet. I waited for him to Speak, occassionally flashing a smile so he wouldn't be scared to speak his mind. Everyone could speak to a stranger, they just needed encouragement.

" Kaz do you ever... feel the aftermaths of the war?" I knew exactly what he was talking about. This most recent war had usall shaken, but Germany had been bombed multiple times, and nuked three times, even though he was neutral though the whole thing.

"Not from this recent war... I still sometimes feel the aftermaths of the Cold war." He nodded and I saw him shaking."Germany are you okay?" He went to nod before shaking his head. "Okay, we'll go to your house then, I can walk to mine after I know you're okay." We pulled into he's drive and I helped to get him out of the car. I could feel that he was suddenly weak and I tried to get him inside, and I was just fumbling with his keys as he threw up. "Blyat, let's get you inside Germany..." I got the door open and shut it behind me with my foot before getting him into the toilet. I left him there as I went into the living room and called up my sister, the first person who I knew who would be able to help without complaint.

"Sunshine?!? Why are you calling? I hope you didnt get struck-"

"Nyet, sister, I'm fine...Germany's sick. I'm at his house?"

"Again? God, I'll be over in a sec." And I wanted when she hung up, going back upstairs to check on him. At this point he was curled up on the floor, and I couldn't tell whether it was due to pain or

embarrassment.

"Belarus is coming, Germany."

"D...danke..." He sounded so weak, and I didn't want to leave him there. So I gently picked up Germany, carrying him down to the couch and laying him down before rushing back upstairs and going to flush the toilet, before hearing Belarus screech.

"Sorry!!"

"Kaz, you couldn't clean up the yellow sludge off of the front doorstep?"

"I forgot about it!!!" I could hear her grumbles as I walked back down, Germany now on the floor by Belarus' instructions.

"You can leave us now...thank you, brother. I'll give Germany your phone number and he can call you when he's feeling better." I nodded and walked out of the door, stepping over the sludge and walking towards the house. I couldn't help but think about what happened. He seemed to still be suffering from the nukes but no-one had survived it before, the only other country to get nuked was Japan's parent and they died 6 days after the second bomb.

Well this was interesting, wasn't it? I sure hope you're excited because there's going to be more to this than just my OTP coming to light :)

Parallel Universes tease #2

[image]

I am not going to leave much, only:

At the dawn of time, a prophecy told
From ancient times and ways of old.
A country will fall, a country will rise
And a country will survive, no matter the demise.

However, the prophecy does not speak of a country long hidden
From countries made famed and countries made villian.
Once torn apart, now put together from war
Will save the rest from their past, they have swore.

Look forward to a couple of days of hard writing~

Party Gone Wrong: RusGer #2, Part 1

This is for Emo_warrior365 because goddammit I know you love your RusGer and your angst, so have a two in one deal!

WARNING: alcohol, drugs, mention of past drug use, mention of past self-harming, relapsing.

--Germany's POV--

"Vaterrrrr...." I groaned as I followed my foster dad through to the kichen. "For the last time, I'm perfectly fine being single for the rest of my life. It helps me concentrate on my work, plus you know that I don't do well with all that soppy romance stuff!"

"Listen here, I don't want you being alone though! It's depressing just to see you go from school to your desk and then back to school again! I know you're only 17 but you're mentally old enough to understand."

"You know I don't...please don't make me go to the party, especially since America's friends don't really want me there-"

"I won't hear anymore of your arguments, Germany. It's for your own good." I watched him go over to the kettle before huffing and storming off to my bedroom. I really don't want to go, I wasn't clean for 3 years for no reason. If it took me forcing myself away from human interaction, then that's what it took. I sat at my desk, and stared at my work. My lovely work. Quite possibly the only thing pushing me forward. I picked up my pen, about to start it, before jumping as my door was slammed open, making the pen in my hand jump and hit off of the wall.

"I'm leaving for Japan's in two hours Germany!" And just like that, he was gone again. I sighed and picked up my pen from the floor, stretching before putting my head down and starting to write again.

I don't know what it was about work, but something about it calmed me, eased me, gave me something to focus on. And when I wasn't working on my schoolwork, I picked up odd jobs from people online, mainly one-off administration jobs. Easy money in my opinion.

I had to force myself to put my pen down an hour and a half later. Maybe father was right, but I would rather write on paper than sticking needles into my arm, or slicing sensitive parts of my body open. There was a reason that the area that was normally sensitive was now overly sensitive. Maybe I *was* dropping one addiction for another, but at this moment in time it was not killing me, and it wasn't hurting me apart from the odd sleepless night and papercut.

I stood out, straightning out my cuffs before taking my school tie and jacket off and neatly hanging them up. I thought about changing my shirt, but decided against it, it was only a plain black one and I had more of them in my cupboard. I grabbed a turtleneck jumper and slipped it on, mainly to hide the suspenders and how I was still malnutritioned despite the doctor putting me on a new diet, claiming that it would help. It just made my stomach hurt like hell. I walked out of the door and waited in the front room, scrolling through my phone in pure boredom. I heard his feet after 20 minutes or so and I stood up, looked at him, and wanted to die right on the spot. He was wearing one of those crop top hoodies, with short shorts and boots. Utter disaster. "Finally. Ze Party Kaiser arrives."

"Oh shush, you're just jealous." I was most definately not jealous, but I just rolled my eyes, pushing my glasses up before walking past him and towards his car. The rise there was nothing but quiet. The radio was on full, and he was shouting over the top of it. Somehow, I knew that he was just doing this to piss me off. We got there and I nearly dive out of the car, rubbing my ears and grumbling in pain. "My singing ain't that fucking bad Germany! Come on, Japan is waiting!" I hesitantly followed, and meekly waved to Japan from behind America, who pulled me off to the side as soon as America went over to the rest of his friends.

"I've left the backdoor open, in case you need breathing room. And I would avoid the upstairs completely, since I saw North Korea and

China slipping in some sort of drugs. I know we're only acquaintances, but I don't want someone severly hurt just because their brother decided to drag them to a party."

"Thanks Japan...I'll probably be out the back most of the night...maybe I'll even be able to sneak back home." We flashed a smile to each other before I started to make my way to that door. Breaking out of that house had never felt any better than it had done tonight. I walked over to under a tree before sitting down under it, leaning against the branches and looking up at the sky. "Well, at least it is a beautiful night...isn't it, East? Can you see them too? Or are you one of them?" I reached for them, attempting to count them. "Hmmm...there's a lot of bright lights up there now...I hope you're with Weimer and not with the rest of our crazy family...hmm..." I continued staring. Each star twinkled with their each twinkle, their each energy source. Completely independant, and all completely unique.

"Who arrre you talking to?" I jumped at this sudden voice and whipped my head to the tall ass figure standing beside me. Ah-

"R-R-Russland..." I trembled a little. We weren't on the best of terms. My brother loved to stir trouble, and it normally ended with me getting my ass beat before he realised that America had lied again. "Has...has America...said...?"

"No, not yet...I was wonderrring...you seemed interrrested in starrr...only Pol'sha seemed interrrested...why?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"Look...we haven't been on best terrrm...but we all have prrroblem...and I will starrrt with angerrr..." Why should I trust his word? He could be on something, for all I cared...but for some reason, I trusted him.

"Okay, but not a word of this to anyone else, okay? Not even my foster family know the whole story." He nodded and I sighed, leaning back against the tree and looking up at the stars once more. "East. I was talking to East."

"East?"

"He was my twin...and he was murdered."

"Oh..." Silence, and I kept staring at the sky, softly smiling to myself, trying to keep myself happy because I knew what question was coming next. "If you don't mind me asking...by who?"

"My father...I..." I gulped and looked down at my hands, squeezing them. "I..."

"It okay." I felt a pat on my shoulder, and I smiled up at him, feeling myself shake more and more. "Hey, it okay...no hide, it will hurrrt more to hide..." I nodded and tried to bite my lip but I just made it bleed instead. "Oh damn...come on, I get you inside...someone will help-" I shook my head, and tried to speak but he semi-understood me. "O-Okay, I go get help...you stay, don't frrreak out too much." I nodded as he ran off, and I did the exact opposte. I completely freaked out, curling myself into a small ball and rocking myself into

a whimpering mess.

Footsteps. I look up, hoping it was Russia. It was not. China, with something that I recognised in his hands.

--Russia's POV--

Shit! The first time I try to talk to him and he starts having a panic about his dead brother! Way to go Russia, way to go! I looked around, trying to find his brother. It was the only person that I knew he knew. Either America, or maybe Japan. He surely knew Germany, right?

Breathless, I turned a corner and nearly walked into Japan. He would have to do. With him very confused, I grabbed his wrist and walked back out the door, totally not prepared for the sight that I was seeing. China was over Germany, I couldn't make out what he was doing but I automatically assumed the worst. I marched over, grabbing his arm before seeing the syringe. I immediately punched him in the face, knocking him out cold, before trying to shake Germany as Japan panicked, struggling to call the police for something. I didn't know what. It was only a small bit of drugs. He could handle it, right?

Apparently not. Within 5 seconds he was convulsing, moaning out in pain as he curled up. Every so often I would hear a retching sound, and I turned his head so that any vomit that might be coming out would come out easier. I now understood Japan's panic, and he finished calling an ambulance for him before texting America what was happening.

"Japan..." He looked at me after checking Germany's vitals. "Japan, how he rrreacting so violently to it..." He made a pained sigh.

"Let's just say he was dependant on them when he first started high school. Mainly thanks to his father." I grumbled. There that was again. I felt very guilty for punching him all those times, I never knew what he was going through. I shook my head. *No time for self pity. Germany could be on his way to a serious trip.* I never thought I would be happier to see a police officer, but finally there was two barreling over to us, with America in close pursuit, who

immediately grabbed me and shook me gently. He could have gone harder, but he was utterly pissed.

"Russshiaaa, whooo-" I pointed to China and he fell onto the grass facedown, before starting to snore loudly. So much for a foster brother. I didn't see what they did to him, probably something with one of those spray things that they give people when they overdose, because after a while he was concious but still shaking, clutching onto his jumper and staring at the grass.

"We need to get him to a hospital, do we have permission to come through the back way to avoid more unwanted attention?" Japan nodded and started to clear the way so they could lead him out. I looked at Japan before thanking him for the short amount that I was at the party for before following the police.

"May I come?"

"What's your relation to him, sir?"

"Um...good frrriend, sir."

"Ah, okay...since noone else is arguing you for the spot, then you can come as well...do you have any contacts for his family."

"I have contact for fosterrr brrrotherrr...other fosterrr brrrotherrr. He can get family togetherrr."

"Okay, you can contact them whilst he's being driven." I nodded and clambered into the back after Germany, seeing him still confused after just sitting on the bed. They were trying to get him to react, so I did the next best thing and grabbed his hand whilst Canada answered the phone.

"Canada? It Rrrussia."

"Russia? It's been a while, eh? Why are you calling at 1 in the morning? I take it it has to do with something about Germany and America, right? Are they wanting picked up?"

"Amerrrica might. Gerrrmany in ambulance with me."

"I...what? What do you mean, he's in an ambulance? What happened?"

"China drrrugged him with goodness knows what. He still dazed, we going to nearrrest hospital to get checked."

"Okay, fuck...I'm coming just now, mom and dad are asleep."

"Okay." He hung up, and I hadn't really noticed that Germany had gotten a tighter grip on my hand.

Eyyyy I don't know why but I really like this. Part two probably tomorrow!

Party Gone Wrong: Rusger #2, part 2

--Germany's POV--

I slowly opened my eyes, and groaned. Everything felt like it was on fire: my throat, my body, even my eyes...just everything hurt so much. I tensed, and I could feel my throat trying to keep down vomit that was trying to come up. I think they noticed, because suddenly a bin was shoved under my head, just as I couldn't hold it back anymore, and I automatically held onto the bin as I threw up heavily into it. I felt light headed again, and I felt hands holding me up followed my rushed footsteps coming down the corridor and a bang to signify the door was thrown open.

"Brotha'!" Australia and New Zealand had said at the same, and they both leapt on me and hugged me tightly, seemingly not caring that I was still throwing up.

"Aussie, Kiwi, please give your brother some space, eh?" Canada walked over and slowly pulled them off. "Sorry for them, Germany, they got scared as soon as I said I was in the hospital. Plus I had to wait until morning, so mom and dad are here too. They let us go ahead, they were talking to Russia."

"Ah...he...he stayed?" I gritted my teeth, hating the taste now that I had stopped emptying the contents of my stomach. I was passed a water bottle and I slowly drank from it.

"He would have stayed overnight if he could but he had to get home to his siblings to get them ready for school...you know how unwell his father is..." I nodded before groaning.

"I'm...okay....to hug now, you two..." They latched onto me again, but gentler this time. It was weird, they were more attached to me

than Canada or America. I didn't mind it...I wanted to do something like this in my future. Foster kids who were from bad homes, like myself, give them somewhere that they can call a safe space...I suppose I wanted to pay back France and Britain for what they have done with me. I had only been in the home for three years yet it felt like I was always a part of the family. I gently rubbed their backs, feeling them both tense up. "Awww, you two...I'm not dying...I'll be fine eventually, I'm just a little sick..." Unfortunately, this time it didn't stop either of them from crying and I sighed, letting them crawl onto my chest and sob into it. Seriously. I don't ever remember getting this upset over anything, and I didn't understand why they were always this upset over me when I was sick. And I was sick a lot. I patted their backs, not seeing mom and dad enter with Russia close behind.

"Mon cheri...oh thank goodness you're alright..." I smiled as they kissed my forehead.

"I am, mom...thanks...but now I have the twins sobbing on my chest and I have no idea what to do about it..."

"Let them get it out, it has been a long night. Hasn't it, dear?" Britain only nodded and looked to Russia as he caught up, and I glanced at him as he sat on the other side of me. "Shall we leave you two alone?" I slowly nodded, needing to say some things to Russia anyway. France pried the twins off of my chest with the promise of seeing me after school, and we waited until they had left until I turned to Russia.

"Russland-"

"I know, I been ass-"

"Did you really mean those things you said last night?"

"I..." I saw him fidget, and suddenly grab my hand. I jumped but didn't let go of his hand, instead looking at him with a surprised expression. "I sorrrry, I...I do mean all things...I...part of was believing whateverrr America told me...part of was denial...I..." I put a finger to his lips, shushing him.

"It's okay...I...we can work on it...okay? Start over, build a new relationship from here...agreed?"

"Agrrreed."

Damn I suck at ending things, but here, happy ending UvU

Vent

Yeah I am very sorry about this. Mental health hasn't been the greatest, and it doesn't help that I relapsed again, so imma write a vent from Germany's perspective, but third person (or is it second person?).

WARNING: blood, self-harm, self-depreciation, attempted suicide. It is extremely graphic what I write, I used to write gore scenes all the time but now I only do it when my mental health gets real low.

He stood in front of the mirror, knife in hand as he swallowed the lump in his throat. The door was locked. Even if his father came back from work early, he wouldn't care to check the bathroom. He looked at his hands. They trembled with fear to die. They trembled with excitement of seeing his brother and uncle again.

It was now or never, he had to do it today whilst his father was at work.

He made the knife go across the side of his wrist, gritting his sharp teeth together as blood started trickling out. The pain relieved tension, it relieved the pain inside, now flowing down both sides of his wrist. He watched in wonder as it started to drip, before he felt the anxiety rise up in him again. He needed more. Much, much

more.

He switched hands, and started to slice his right wrist more open. One for being useless. One for being a fat pig. One for being a disappointment to his father. Another for making his father hate him. Another for being a workaholic. One more for being a disabled prick. Another for failing to go through conversion therapy.

He made them go deeper, going up and up his arms before running out of room. Now heavily panting with the amount of blood that was pouring down his body, he took his shirt off before starting to cut into his non-existing stomach. For East. For letting him die in his arms. For Weimer, and not being able to do anything as he was torn to shreds by his own brother.

If those precious angels didn't deserve to live, neither would he. He would go out the same way as them.

Fuck himself. Fuck it, fuck it. He didn't deserve organs. He didn't deserve to be gendered. Speaking of which...

He had tried several times in the past to cut it off. Not because he was transgender, he didn't want to become a woman. No, he just wasn't deserving of it. Why did he deserve it? He didn't. That was the long and short of it. Other people could make use of something like this, and he was never going to use it after all the things that his father had done to him. Sex was disgusting to him now, and alway would be. How could people put themselves through that much trouble and pain just to have a child, or just to 'prove' that someone loved them.

And speaking of that, why should someone put themselves through bonding with another person just to find out that that person does not feel the same way. Or cheats on them. Or murders them. Why bother. Blocking everyone out was so much easier.

A final slice to the stomach cut it open wide, revealing his intestines which was threatening to spill out. He had to grip onto the sink to keep standing. Blood was everywhere. Absoluely everywhere. How the hell did it get on the ceiling? How was he still standing? How was he still concious? None of that mattered now, he still had a few

things to do. But he paused. And listened.

Silence. He continued, starting to prep himself for the pain that he was going to put himself through.

Then...

Footsteps. Loud, hurried, clunky footsteps.

He heard the footsteps before he could go any further. Thinking it was his father, he hurridly started to try and cut it off again. Ignoring the pain, ignoring the pounding on the door, ignoring everything.

In truth, it wasn't his father outside. It was his one friend, Russia, who had dragged along America and Canada to help him get to Germany. Germany normally answered his phone immediately. But he hadn't answered any of his calls for two hours. This was not like Germany at all. Russia had no idea of Germany's state of mind. He thought that he had maybe gotten himself locked in the bathroom. But after Canada broke the door...

Let's just say that Germany was successful in what he was cutting off. He, unfortunately for Germany, wasn't going to be seeing Weimer and East anytime soon, though.

Story Ideas

Lemme know if you want any of these done, alright?

Steampunkverse (why not?): I'll probably start on this soon even if nobody wants it because goddamn I'm such a steampunk addict!!

Omegaverse mixed with high school. Because I may or may not have been inspired by a certain Third Reich X Soviet book (you know who you are, and I wanna say thank you for that book it's awesome!)

Maybe something similar to Unordinary? Not sure, it does sound a little similar to Parallel Universes.

Kidverse: basically, the modern countries as kids, in modern tech and whatnot.

Royalverse: countries as royalty. May or may not be inspired by certain couple of books (including you, FlameonLeaf. Your book is awesome!)

Also the 'Our Parents as Enemies' universe is still opened to have requests UvU

Now for the random ideas, each one of these are separate:

- USA gets in another fistfight with Russia
- Russia threatens Ukraine (yet again)
- Germany tries to settle Europe down but ends up storming out of a meeting
- Poland face plants into mud during recess
- Dealing with Reichtangle as a stalker
- Rescuing Poland from his kidnappers (WW2 basically)
- America yeeting tea into the river
- Poland and Kazakhstan meet for the first time in modern days and quickly become flying buddies.

Anyway! If you want to, let me know what I should do.

UvU

Royal Story

It's a test to see if people like this story.

Also USSR x UK, and France has just recently divorced UK. I'm sorry but I needed to write angst because something has happened between me and my gf (basically, she came out as polyamorus) and I'm still trying to decide on how and if I should break up with her. So yeah. For those of you who like angst, read on!

UPDATE: I broke up with her. And now I'm very relieved. UvU

The countries in this are basically mashups with their national animal. The UK doesn't have a national animal, so I gave them the same national animal as England.

WARNINGS: abuse, bad Google translate.

--UK's POV--

I held my arms up to protect my face as she swung down towards me with a rolling pin, a cry of frustration leaving her lips.

"Putain de stupide!! How could I *not* cheat on you! You never buy me everything I want, and you don't want me to have more husbands!! You are most awful husband and I am leaving!!" She bashed the rolling pin against me one last time before storming out. Thankfully the kids were grown up, but still.

I was a trembling mess, and I pulled myself to a standing position, feeling my lion tail curl around me in an attempt to comfort me. My arms were numb with pins and needles from how many times she had whacked that rolling pin against me.

Was I really a bad husband for not letting her have other husband whilst she was married to me? I really did think so, and I cursed myself out as I gripped my desk as I pulled myself up. Ruling a

kingdom was hard enough, but now I was going to have to do it whilst grieving that my wife left me. Over the next few weeks, I had letters come in from all over various kingdoms: even the German and Polish kingdoms responded. But I didn't expect someone to walk through my doorway, least of all Soviet himself.

I bowed to him when he walked through my door, during a Wednesday afternoon whilst I was in the middle of paperwork. I didn't know why, but I barely recognised him when he walked through the door. He had only communicated with me through letters, and the only reason I had recognised him was his eyepatch and his clothing.

"Привет, Британия." He bowed back before reaching out to shake my hand. I motioned for the guards to leave and once they did, I shook his hand.

"Hello, Soviet." I motioned for him to sit down but I was surprised as I was pulled into a hug. By the way he wrote his letters I could have never guessed that he was a huggable person, but being hugged against his chest was warm and inviting, so I wrapped my arms back and started to tremble.

"It okay...I thought I need come see...you not going well, no?" Through my quiet sniffles, I smiled at his broken english. That was familiar, too.

"Y...Yeah...I...I'm...behind on a few things, I guess..."

"More than few..." He motioned at my stacks of paper and I nodded before sniffling more.

"Yeah...I...I've sat there for so long, b-b-but I just can't seem to get through them..." He nodded and then held my shoulder.

Okay, maybe he was more than just a stranger. Truth be told, we used to date secretly when the British and Russian kingdoms were close. But then I was forced to marry France, and he was forced to marry Afghanastan, and we hadn't talked in ages. Except in these recent times. I felt my tail slip into his hands and I looked up at him, feeling my face heat up. On the contruary, he wasn't

embarrassed, but I could see a small smirk grow on his face.

"So, we have dinnerrr laterrr?"

Oka y sorry it was short but yeah I needed to let out some SoviBrit.

See ya in the next one! And be sure to request if you wanna UvU

Chaos at UN's School #1

[image]

For you, sorry that it's taken so long lol. Welcome to the first chapter of West Germany getting poked and pissed off at school by America and literally everyone e lse , and then getting roped into getting drunk at Canada's party and doing truth or dare.

I use google translate for other languages so please don't hurt me. If I'm going to properly learn any language it's either going to be German or Japanese.

Some headcannons before we start:
- None of the ex countries are dead, they just sort of go and help their successors , being teachers and all that.
- West Germany is a wheelchair boi because I said he is. And yes he has something very similar to the steampunk tank wheelchair that I designed.
- There's one exception to the 'no countries die' rule: Weimer Republic. Countries can come back from a fatal bullet wound to the head but not form being shredded and then cannibalised. He just sort of floats around in ghost form. Everyone can see and hear him, but noone can touch him unless they have permission from him or he makes himself solid.

Anyway, let's get going with the story .

A couple of warnings: this will touch sensitive subjects on West Germany's part, including a small amount of verbal and physical abuse from a certain uncle Third, PTSD within a panic attack, descGood grief I can't stop writing angst even when it's supposed to be happi and funni what-

Also I'm splitting this into two parts. Sorry, but it's massive as it is.

--West Germany's POV--

Getting to school late was never a good thing for me.

First of all, my alarm didn't set off. I have that repeating every since day at 5:35 am, so maybe it somehow got broken. I initially thought it was my fault, but that was before I knew the rest of the day that was coming to me. I got up at 8. My shift started at 8. So naturally I was trying to hurry my body up, but see when your lower half of your body doesn't move? That is the worst thing to deal with when you are late. Second of all, I forgot my medication, so I was now dealing with a massive headache and withdrawls from my pain and my tourettes medication, and I would be dealing with them for the rest of the day with the feeling of wanting to throw up during art class. I skipped breakfast, which wasn't the first time I had skipped the meal. Third, my uncle, started pissing me off about my wheelchair and how I should 'just walk'. I tried to ignore him as always, but as I rolled out of the door I felt the rolling pin that he had been holding clang against the back of my head. Dammit. More headache now, plus I could feel my chest start to tighten.

Not now. Not now. Hold it together, until you get to the nurse's office. Then you can have a breakdown, where no-one is watching. Maybe they even have their backup supply of your tablets in stock.

I breathed out, and waited by the bus stop, where the fourth thing happened. The bus rolled straight past me. I growled in frustration. Yes, the school was only a 10 minute roll down the street, but I still took the bus to save my arms some energy. I groaned before starting to roll down the street. I always found it embarrassing to do this, even if the people walkin usually didn't care and usually made way for me. Thoughts swirled around in my head, and I couldn't think straight, but I still somehow managed to get to the school office for 8:30. I don't know how I managed it myself.

I grumbled as I opened the doors, rolling on through them where my brother was standing, concerned. We were twins. but honestly we were the same person. We acted the same, we thought on the same wavelength all of the time, we were basically clones despite being seperated and brought up in completely different households and circumstances. We could even continued each others sentences,

we were that close. The only differences between us were that he could socialise, and he knew more english. That was all.

"Westen! Du hast es geschafft...Ich wollte gerade zum Haus gehen, ich war so besorgt, dass Third dir etwas angetan hat...warum wohnst du überhaupt noch bei ihm?!?" **((West! You did make it...I was just about to leave for the house, I was so worried that Third had done something to you...why do you still live with him anyway?!?))** He gripped onto my shoulders and I sighed, looking up at him before shrugging. I rarely spoke in public. I never liked it, plus I felt way too much pressure when talking. I wasn't mute, but I just preferred to let East do the talking, though I would correct him at times. He walked with me to the assembly room, and I tried not to look up, but I did.

Everyone's eyes were on me. The whole class. I immediately started shaking and I could feel my tics starting to get more violent. I hated getting stared at. It made me feel extremely anxious, and I felt myself trembling, shaking more and more with my arm trembling more before-

"CLASS!" Everyone jumped as they turned to the voice. Principal UN has just walked in, and his face didn't look his usual happy. "Class, I know it's the first day of the new term but please don't stare at the new students-"

"Sir, they are 3 years younger than us, why are they here?" Murmurs spread around the sea of assembly before UN spoke up again.

"Because, like I have told you and the rest of the class several times, they have been allowed to skip some grades." The murmurs got louder before I heard him shout. "QUIET! There's no use having them stuck in a grade when they are getting bored and I know they're only 15 but they will be able to manage it. Now for the assembly." We were shown to our seats and my brother sat away from me, since we sat in alphabetical order. I was next to the one that spoke out. United States of America, I soon learnt that was his name, and oh boy was he a racket. I was trying so hard to listen to the announcements that UN was saying but all I could hear was America talking in my ear.

"So, you're new to the grade hmm?...come on, don't ignore me, it's not like you can run away from me...waiting for your brother to save you, hmm?..." I could feel his hand on my wheelchair and I glared daggers at it. I didn't like anyone touching it. Accidently, I could understand, but he wasn't doing it accidently. "Oh, want me to take my hand away? Well I'm not going to-"

A hand reached between us and yanked America's shoulder back. People started to get out and walk out of the assembly, and America grabbed his bag before walking out, complainign loudly at everyone and everything. I looked behind me, and breathed out at the sight of Russia. Finally, a face I was familiar with and someone that I trusted with talking. My voice came out as a quiet whisper, gritty and scratchy from what had happened at the weekend, the bruises still visible on the side of my neck. "Danke.....Russland...."

"Welcome, West." He smiled and gently patted my shoulder, and we both watched as East slid his way across the floor. It was quite funny, and it was even funny as he fell backwards right in front of UN. I couldn't help but silently chuckle as Russia wheezed, banging his knee as UN was not happy.

This might be a good time to explain how I know Russia. We're half-siblings. My father, Weimer, was married to USSR many years before his death. Of course, once his younger brother, my uncle, killed him, USSR spiralled downwards, but it was due to Weimer somehow coming back as a ghost that the cold war ended. It still got some taking used to, seeing my father casually phase through walls and make inanimate objects animated, but it wasn't the worst thing in the world. I mean, he could still be dead.

But anyway, back to East on his butt in the middle of the assembly floor.

He soon scooted back over to us, just barely escaping UN as he glared at the three of us. Classes went alright, though art sucked since I couldn't draw to save my life. The rest of the classes before lunch were as boring as ever. Wheeling my way to the mess room, my brother caught up with me and walked beside me. His hair was smoking, and the tips of his hair which were usually yellow were now blackened.

"Bad science day, West. America blew something up and Japan's father went mad." I smiled and patted his shoulder, reassuring him. "Thanks, West..." I smiled and cocked my head before following him into the hall. Long story short, it was chaotic and loud. Poor UK and his siblings were trying to get everyone to just eat normally but some got hit with a pie to the face. Utter, utter chaos. So I did what I did best, and I backed the fuck up from the doorway, and out of the room. East quickly followed and he sighed. "Damn, why did there have to be a food fight today...come on, I was supposed to be meeting Canada in there but it looks like he wasn't in there either, let's go find him." We eventually found him, sitting under a tree in the school grounds with Kazakhstan and a few others. I sat close to East, but not too close. I pulled out a book, one of the textbooks that was given to me during math class and started to read through it, thankful that I was handed a german copy so I could understand it better.

--East Germany's POV--

I looked over at West. Head burried in a textbook, as per always. I wish he didn't do that, and I reached over before poking him. He glanced at me before going back to his textbook but I knew that he was listening now. "Dad's letting us go to a party, over at Canada's...come, please?" He looked at the rest of us before shaking his head, pointing to Canada before pointing to the left of his temple. I sighed as Canada was confused. "He's talking about America...brother, he's probably going to be screwing Russia again or something, don't worry about him..." I could see his face. He was thinking it over. Suddenly he nodded, but held up his textbook. "West...no, you can't bring the math textbook with you. But I'll allow one book...just one."

Don't kill me for splitting this chapter, please, it's so big and my head needs a few more days to redo-

Double date (Ameripan)

For you, lovely discord person who sometimes sends me messages UvU

And this is a straight ship, don't ask me to do straight ships often because I suck at writing them. So it's short. Sorry again. I can always do multiple parts if you'd like.

--America's POV--

I grinned to myself as I checked myself out in the mirror. My casual style, plus my sunglasses just topped everything off about me. I always felt confident, but today I felt extra confident. I knew that my friend needed some so I made sure to feel as good as possible before leaving the bathroom and walking down the road to his house. It was small, but neat. Just like him, I suppose.

I stepped up on the stairs, and knocked on the door. I heard scrambling and the door opened to reveal a very disorganised and worried looking West. I immediately slipped inside, closing the door behind me as he rushed off again.

"West, calm down! I'm sure Russia doesn't really give a shit as to what you look like-"

"Bullshit!!" I heard him yell from the kitchen, and I sighed, sitting on his couch and shaking my head as he cursed loudly in German. He soon ran through again and I made him sit down to try and at least calm his own nerves.

"Listen, dude, Russia isn't going to be this picky about what you're wearing."

"Yeah but Japan will be! And I don't want her being all snappy with me again just because I was standing two feet to the left of her. I

have no idea how she manages to be around you, Meri."

"Me neither...she's always been so patient and understanding, and yet with literally everyone else she's just as cold as you in work mode."

"Ouch....but understandable." I saw him relaxing a little, and I grinned.

"So, are you staying over at Russia's-"

"MERI!" His face went more red than it already was and I laughed at how embarrassed he was. "This is literally our first date!"

"And I never said anything about Russia screwing you, I just asked if you were staying at his house."

"I...oh mein gott I hate you America!" He smacked my arm lightly and marched off, presumably to compose himself again. I laughed to myself and checked my phone, smiling to myself as Japan called. I answered and held the phone to my ear, or where my ear would be if I had any.

"Kon'nichiwa, America!"

"Why hello, Japan...all ready to go?"

"Of course. I'm just waiting for Russia to be able to start the car." I could hear loud bangs followed by Russian cursing. I presumed he was smacking the engine with a hammer again, since he was always making excuses as to why he shouldn't just let Germany have a look at it. The two of them were literally just like an anime. It was both cute and annoying at the same time, they were always so awkward around each other. "Anyway, Ame, what are you doing?"

"Waiting for Germany to deal with himself-"

"OI!" I heard him yell from upstairs. "I'M ONLY GETTING MYSELF READY!"

"AGAIN, THAT'S YOUR BRAIN TURNING TO THE GUTTERS, NOT ME!" I heard him groan as well as a small chuckle from Japan. It

wasn't hard to get a chuckle from her. What was even better was that Russia was groaning in his drivers seat as he started the car.

Well, this is going to be interesting.

AGAIN, I'M SO SORRY ABOUT THE LENGTH-

GerCan #1

HAPPY (late) CANADA DAY YA MAD MAPLE LADS

As celebration, have some GerCan: omegaverse, with West Germany and Canada

And of course the warnings: **smut, description of heat, rut, small bite/blood, anything else that you can think of when reading this**

I've gotten into omegaverse countryhumans and now I can't stop help me-

--West's POV--

I curled up on my bed, in the middle of all the neatly and carefully positioned clothes and blankets, trying to ignore my uncle's shouts to try and get me ready for summer school. It was cosy in here. Nice, and safe. Not to mention warm. Unlike my brother, who was getting ready on the other side of the room and helping to throw clothes at me, I didn't have a mate yet, but I couldn't care less. Nests gave me everything that I needed. And anyway, mate relationships seemed weird. East's mate wouldn't talk to him all year, and then do it all the way through the summer school, and then not talk to them again, much to East's displeasurement. I felt bad for him, but I shook the thoughts away as I took the clothes inside of my nest and started to change as well. Nobody *wanted* to mate with me anyway, and even if I did have a crazy bad heat when I was there, nobody seemed to really give a shit.

I may be an omega, but I had some severe alpha-like tendencies. Clawing, growling, snarling at people who I didn't like the scent of, I had even gotten into fights in the hallways if another alpha so dared try to mate with me. East was the opposite, being small for an

alpha and also nested. Alpha's didn't normally nest but the doctors assumed that since we were always together, East building a nest with me was second nature to him. He didn't make too bad of a nest actually, but it wasn't as perfect as my nests.

We used to be able to go as our united version. Y'know, the 6 foot broad shouldered alpha smartass that put Ukraine's anger issues to shame. But I found out that the more painful my heat grew, the more trouble I would have holding him together, and soon enough we couldn't even unite during the train ride to the school to sleep properly. That train ride was always noisy and I hated it, and East did too. Luckily we were able to get a carriage with some of the teachers, and it was usually okay apart from the very obvious situation of omegas going into heat.

I finished dressing, and poked my head out of my nest before sighing. I had to go, there was no choice, and I grumbled as I slid out of the nest. Nests weren't supposed to be built all the time, only during heats, but I used to hide in them when my father wasn't in jail, so they became a daily comfort for me. I flattened the nest with a whine before shoving what was making the nest into my bigger than normal suitcase. I liked nesting in that too. Being short, shorter than an average omega at 4'11, I fit into most situations and the suitcase was a perfect size for me to curl up in and feel happy in.

I knew my heat was coming early. Just last night I had cried for not eating cheesy broccoli for dinner, despite me already eating a plate of cheesy broccoli. I didn't remember much of what I was crying about aside from the apparent lack of broccoli, just the fact that my brother had to pull me upstairs afterwards and shower me to calm me down a little. Why cheesy broccoli, I have no idea, but I did have a weird obsession with broccoli when I was in heat. Just like how my brother had an obsession for sausages when he was in rut. I mean that could be hiding for something else but I'm not my brother, despite how alike we look.

"Westen!" I jumped at my brother yelling my name and I looked over to him before straightening my glasses. "Westen, we're going to be late for the train!" I yelped and fell off of the bed, grabbing my suitcase and bolting out of the door. I soon found out that we were, in fact, not late for the train. Dammit. At least I had brought my

sketchbook along with me though, and I sat cross-legged with East on one of the benches, busy with my page and trying to distract myself as I felt myself getting warmer and East looked around nervously, shifting closer to me to protect me. He always knew when my heat was coming, and vice versa for him. It also didn't help that humans were around us, and he probably could smell what alphas were onto me.

I couldn't focus on my page anymore, and put the paper back into my bag and hugged East. It was starting to get uncomfortable now. I really wanted to nest, I wanted to just open the suitcase and lock myself into the case, but I couldn't do that until the supervisors had counted all of our heads and made sure that we were all there. I tucked my knees under my chin, starting to shake and panic a little. I needed my small space. I needed it so much. I felt myself being picked up, but I didn't really know what was happening. The ground was moving, I assumed that the train was okay to board now but I didn't complain, I just gripped onto East and whimpered loudly. Now that I had felt myself get hotter, I couldn't ignore the rest of my heat. The slick was disgusting to me, but I still felt it, and I pressed myself up against East, unable to contain myself. My ears were starting to ring, only just hearing his comfort words and feeling a hand rubbing my back. There were a few bumpy moments but we finally got to our carriage, and as I was set down my legs wobbled. I would have fallen if it wasn't for the teacher there, France, reaching out and helping me stand. I heard my suitcase open and I immediately fell backwards into it, kicking off my shoes before curling into the blankets, pillows and clothes that I had in the bag. I grumbled and pulled my shirt off before cuddling with that as well.

"Hey, do you want the lid closed?" I nodded and mewled a little, by now in an okay looking nest, one that would do for the journey. The lid on the suitcase closed, and the darkness surrounded me. I knew a lot of omegas didn't like enclosed spaces but I loved them. It helped me realise that it was just me here, and I was able to mewl to my heart's content without many hearing. Of course there was ventilation and stuff like that but it was still my space.

And it did help. I was able to sleep, awaking only once to use the

toilet, which was the worst part of the trip, since I nearly got cornered by alphas who had smelt me from a couple of carriages down, but I got out of that with a couple of scratch marks. I only crawled out again when it was time to go to the halls to check into places and get paired up if we didn't have mates. I could already tell that East's mate didn't turn up, due to the sad scent that I was smelling from him. That was upsetting. I didn't like seeing him sad. He smelt bad when he was sad, like a small scent of rotting eggs, plus it somehow hurt me when he was sad.

We walked into the halls and sat down at our seats. The omegas and betas that were in heat were given their keys first, meaning that East and I was separating once again. I didn't like that but I was better with it than I was years ago. I hugged him a little before going off to my room. Ground floor. I suppose they didn't trust me with windows, that was understandable, I mean I did jump out of a 5th floor window a few years ago. I unlocked the door, and walked in.

It was rather small. Cosy, for sure. My suitcase was lent against the wall as well as another's, but I didn't care to peak. I wasn't rude, nor was I curious enough to find out. I would just ignore them like every other year. There was a small bathroom, and a double bed with just enough storage to work at and store stuff under. I put the suitcase beside the bed and started to unload everything from it, and making a very neat nest. I spent a while on it, about an hour if I was going to be estimating, and it was very relaxing to me. I didn't see who was standing in the doorway, but I did after I finished my nest, which scared the shit out of me. UN was there, but I was more focused on who was standing in front of him.

Canada. The one I never thought would still be mateless was standing there, and he thanked UN before stepping in. No words were exchanged between us yet, and I found myself catching my breath. I had always joked with my uncle that it would be one of Britain's children that would end up being my mate since I was looked after by them in-between the death of my father and the allies trying to find if uncle Weimer was still alive. I was going to strangle my uncle when I got back, his jokes have seemed to have become reality.

Canada walked over, gently touching the nest that I had made. I would normally growl but I stayed unusually quiet, just observing him from the middle of my nest. The way he touched it was so gentle, as if the nest could break from his touch. He was so slow, and he observed everything without saying anything. Most alphas would break my nest, deconstruct it. I hated that. But he carried on with his fragile touching, and it made me feel warm inside. He then stared at me. I slowly pushed my glasses up as he came closer, inspecting me, but still outside the boundaries of the nest. It was as if he was asking to come inside, despite the overwhelming scent of maple syrup and pine tree that I was smelling. It seemed that even though his alpha scent was probably telling him to fuck me, he was holding himself back. I found that cute, and very considerate. Most got their asses kicked.

I felt something different about Canada though. The way he went around everything, his mood, it was just something completely different. I leant forward, observing him like he observed me. His eyes were so unique, more than America's. One of them was normal, but the other was a black with a blue iris. It seemed to be moving more than the other as well, vibrating so to speak. I leaned closer, and then took my chance to accept him, pressing my lips against his. I felt him pause before slowly responding to me, pushing back. We stayed like that for a while, fighting into the kiss before drawing away for air, and I stared into his eyes once more. They were so enticing, and intriguing to look at. He scooted into my nest, looked around to check if he hadn't broken anything, and then finally spoke.

"West...I..." His voice was a very quiet whisper, almost as if he was scared to speak. I took his hand into my own, and he looked back up at me. I gently squeezed, hoping to give him more confident. "West, I'm not sure if I can hold it back much longer..." He went closer and I could feel him sniffing me, sending a shiver up my spine. His hands started to delicately touch across my body, and I A a little.

"D-Don't hold it back then, Kanada..." His hands finally started to grip my body and I leaned into his touch. I never knew I would want someone else's touches so badly before but now I didn't want

him to stop. I felt his hands all over, before they hovered at my shirt.

"I...are you wanting...to mate? It's not the heat talking is it?" I groaned and responded by moving forward, pressing my crotch against his legs before slowly bucking my hips, doing everything almost automatically. I could see his face, and it was physically scrunched up in an attempt to hold himself back.

"Bitte, Kanada...bitte...you're probably the only one that's ever thought of me like that..." I panted as he finally moved again and started to undo my shirt in a hurried fashion, something that I took a small amount of amusement in. He almost tore it off but again, respected it and took it off as fast as he could. He did the same with his pants before getting started on his own clothes. Almost immediately, there was a difference. He was extremely toned, and I immediately drooled at the sight of him. Meanwhile he was tracing his hand over my visible rib cage, and a growl of disapproval came from his throat. I couldn't help but mewl in response. It felt so nice. Suddenly his grip on me tightened, and I felt myself being lifted up a little, my legs being placed around his shoulders as he gently felt around my lower region. It felt good, being touched like this, I honestly didn't really know how it all worked until a year ago when I accidently walked in on East. Wasn't the best time to be fair.

I wrapped my legs around his neck, pulling myself closer to him and gasping slightly as he gripped my dick and started to gently pump it. I whimpered and quietly squeaked. It was the first time my mouth had made such a noise and I stuffed my hand into my mouth, gently biting it until Canada noticed and unlocked my jaw, hissing at how my teeth made my hand bleed. He licked at it before sticking three fingers up to my mouth. I looked at them before looking back at him. I didn't have any idea on what to do.

"Suck, unless you want to be in more pain." I blinked, wasn't it supposed to be enjoyable? But I did it anyway, trying my best to not cut his fingers open. He pulled them out and put me back down flat on the bed. I was a little confused before-

Oh, that's why he was saying about pain.

It felt weird, and I felt a small groan rise up out of my throat. It was more uncomfortable than painful, but the pain soon came when he put a second in. I gripped the bed before sinking my head into the mattress. It was painful, but I could also feel small sparks of pleasure going up my back. I sucked air in through my teeth, biting back a moan. He took his time but he was soon going fast, and I barely noticed the third one going in through all my panting and mind clogging. My heat was in full force by now, and in-between my pants I was practically begging him to fuck me. He suddenly pulled them out, and I whimpered as it felt empty without them. I wriggled my hips, trying to get that feeling back until I felt him hold my waist down and something else prodded at my entrance, and I had just enough time to realise what it was before he slowly pushed it into me.

He leaned over me as it pushed in, and I grappled onto his back, scratching it as I panted and groaned into his shoulder. It was so painful, but I still wanted it. As he pushed the last bit of himself in, I bit his shoulder, panting and shaking a little from pain. I could feel his hands on me, calming me down, and I waited for a few minutes until the pain went away. It felt weird, just staying still, so I gently moved my hips up and a soft moan came from my lips, followed by a chuckle from Canada. He started sucking on my neck as he moved, and I wrapped my legs around his waist as my hands started scratching at his back again. My mind was clogging up, and I could barely speak, just occasionally stammering his name out in-between my moans.

"K-Kan...kan...bitte..." I couldn't help but speak out in my native tongue, at this point I had forgotten how to speak english and it didn't really matter. He knew what I wanted, and sped up. I groaned and moaned, drool going down my face and my tongue lazily hanging out of my mouth. It was so good, it sparked my body with flames every time he thrusted in, occasionally hitting something in me that hit me thrice as good. I kept scratching, kept pressing myself up against him, his mouth biting down on my neck and skin, bruising it and marking me as his, putting his scent all over me. I could feel pressure building up, and I panted more into his shoulder. I could feel him quickening and I groaned before yelping out Canada's name, grabbing onto his shoulder-length hair

and tugging on it as I gasped for air, feeling myself release over our chests. I continued to gasp as Canada sped up once again, starting to shake as I still hadn't gotten over my own climax, but I squeaked loudly as I felt him grip me more before feeling him climax in. I groaned and panted, accidently moving which caused him to hold me still and snuggle into my chest.

"No move...for at least an hour...fuck..." He panted into my ear and I couldn't help but groan.

"K-Kanada...fuck...thank you..." I nuzzled into my face, slowly closing my eyes, smiling a little as I felt him take off my glasses.

"No, thank you...just relax now, you won't be alone."

I felt like it okay?

vibes

Chaos at UN's School #2

Well here is the second part, the party.

WARNING: drug use, alcohol use, basically most things that would happen at a teenage party.

--Canada's POV--

When I said my house, I really meant meet up at my house and then break into the school areas that UN had said for us not to use and fuck it up. It was a perfect idea of a birthday party and I honestly had no idea how West would handle it, seeing as he was the only one that didn't want to go to the party in the first place. I started to feel guilty, before shaking my head off. This was for his own good, he needed to get out and about. I saw them roll **(hah)** up and I immediately ran down to my door before opening it up to them and letting them come inside.

"East! West! It's good you both actually turned up!" I hugged them both before guiding them both to the living room. It wasn't where everyone was collecting, everyone else was collecting on our front lawn.

"I told West. He said he's fine to hang out but not to go any further than your house. Makes sense, because of his wheels." I nodded and sighed.

"That's fine. Mom and Dad were going to sort him out with moving in with us to get away from Third." I saw him nod and I gently patted his head. "Don't worry about the twins, they're with Belarus this evening before they head off to the party." I saw him nod again and I sighed as East hugged him before going back out of the house and onto the lawn. It didn't take long for everyone else to show up, and I counted heads as America ran back inside of the house to grab the school keys.

It took us a while to get there and get settled but we eventually did it and got the party started. Myself and America usually did it as a joint birthday party, which was why there was more chaos than normal when UN allows us to do a party at the school. One of the main reasons why we fuck the whole school up is to make the janitors work together and hate each other even more. I mean, they're enemies, if we're going to mess up the school just to see Third and Soviet fight it out, we will.

So that's what we were in the middle of doing. I was currently on a table, screaming out 'I Want It That Way' by the Backstreet boys with Ukraine, America was off somewhere screwing Russia in god knows which teacher's desk (and trust me, Russia will not be able to walk in the morning), China, Netherlands, East, Australia and New Zealand were in a corner high off of their shit and trying to play Uno but they kept confusing the colours. On the other side of the room, Italy and Japan were having a sword fight with metal poles, Luxembourg and Austria were scaring the shit out of people and Belarus and Switzerland were chatting in the corner, but mainly on their phones. Everyone apart from the last two were drunk, and of course the Uno group had shared whatever they had taken with Luxembourg because he was cackling like crazy.

Once my kareoke was finished I stumbled my way to the Uno Group. They had started up a new game and I flopped down before watching them for a while. East kept picking up more cards than he was supposed to and halfway through they somehow turned Uno into poker, using anything they could get their hands on as chips: East's glasses, money, the occasional beer bottle, Switzerland, and I'm pretty sure they stole one of the metal sword poles and a chair as well.

I got bored of them soon though and stumbled my way back to Ukraine, who had opened up another whiskey bottle and took a swig out of it before handing it to me. I grinned as I knew what he wanted me to do, and I chugged the bottle. It hurt but I was used to it. I didn't swallow the last little bit but I did smash the bottle onto the ground like I had done with all my other bottles before slamming my lips into Ukraine's, sharing the last little bit of whiskey between us just as America walked in through the assembly doors with a very tired Russia on his back. I giggled before waving him over, needing to ask him something.

"Meriii!!! How long does the vodka bottle need to recharge!!!"

"Give him half an hour, but five minutes with a vodka bottle." There were some cheering and some groans and I got my portion of the bet as well as a little extra. We were always betting on something to do with their sex life, drunk or not. Just so happened that I knew my brother very well.

Some would say too well.

I shoved the money into my pocket and stumbled towards Ukraine again. People were chanting but I didn't hear them as we kissed again, because why not I guess.

--Casual time skip, brought to you by West being forced to bed--

I woke up in the morning. Groaning, I rubbed my head and looked around. How did I get home? I looked beside me where I had felt a shift, and Ukraine was curled up beside me. Welp. Russia would kill me, but he's probably in just as much pain as me right now. I lazily grabbed my phone, reading the texts that people had sent me. There was loads of drunken ones and there were a load of videos, but a video and a text from West caught my eye. That was strange. He never sent me videos, and he only texted me if I texted him about homework. The text was sent hours ago, me just realising that it was 2pm, and it read:

-> I told the teachers that you and Ukraine were both sick, you were lucky that UN let you both and Russia have the day off and that your parents are good convincers. Just try to be quiet the next time, or do it

upstairs and not on the couch, thanks.

-> Oh and I'm moving in with you guys since your parents signed the paperwork and everything.

I could only guess what it was, and I played a little of it before pausing it again. Dammit. Well, I mean it was a good video, just a little embarrassing that he managed to hear it all. I reminded myself to apologise to him when he came back from school, and I rolled over, cuddling with Ukraine and falling back asleep.

Done! How'd you like?

Oh and happy late Canada and America independence days!!

Germany #2.1

Emo_warrior365 I know you like angst so tada get tagged.

Considering making this Germany into a mini series. Just to let out some angst every now and again.

WARNING: graphic description of self-inflicted injuries

More angst and gore because I fucking love writing it.

Continues off after the vent I wrote.

If you wondered what happened in it...

He cut off his own dick. There, the quickest summary on earth. Now to the aftermath.

He sits in the hospital bed, staring out of the window opposite his bed as his mind swirled in his thoughts. He couldn't think of anything else, and didn't do anything else. He only ate what the nurses gave him, and he was still underweight from him throwing it all back up soon after.

Why had they saved him from the bathroom? All he remembered was successfully cutting it off and hearing the horrified shrieks of Canada. Russia just had to care about him. He just had to get America, who he had never wanted to see again when he stayed with him during his stint with Russia's father. And Canada, little not-so-innocent Canada. He may be invested in one of, if not the biggest porn sites in the world but he wasn't so good with gore outside of sex. Especially when the gore involved something to do with it.

It felt uncomfortable, to lie in a bed without the ability to nest in it. He was watched constantly, and he always got weird looks by the human nurses whenever he asked them for help. He had forgotten that they didn't have the same system for mates. They didn't even have mates. So it just felt more and more weird.

The door opened, and he was snapped out of his thoughts, moving for once when he heard the feet come over to him, and he had to look up at the person. Russia. He looked terrible, with red eyes and purple bags, and his hands looked like they had been chewed. He sat down, and just looked over him. Germany had to work up the courage to look at Russia, and immediately trembled. What if he didn't want to be his friend anymore?

"Germany-"

"I'm sorry!" He looked sort of shocked, but gently shook his head.

"You have nothing to be sorry for...I was just going to ask how I should make it better?"

"What do you mean?" He looked at Russia again. He wasn't kidding. Like always, he could trust him.

"I mean...well..." He gently took Germany's hand, and it caught him off guard. He took a breath, and looked at his hand compared to Russia's. Thin, boney, small and barely there, compared to his big, rough, chunky hand. He gently gripped it. "How are you feeling? Besides the obvious."

He was silent, not sure on how to answer his question. He tried to speak before eventually doing so. "I feel tired...and just...done..." He saw Russia nod and he slowly tilted, his head eventually finding those wide, strong shoulders. He relaxed into him and sighed, and somehow their hands found their way intertwined.

"I can help, Germany...I...I don't want to see that scene again...I..."

"I'm sorry Russia...I...I don't know what I was thinking-"

"It's okay you don't have to talk." He would lean more against Russia, and just enjoy this moment. He had felt...certain things towards Russia for a while but was always scared to make the first move. But this was warming. Scary, yes, but also nice at the same time.

He poked his head up slowly as he watched a nurse come in, and sit down opposite them, flicking through a few sheets before speaking. The posture, the uniform and the badge she wore all indicated that she was a head nurse."He can go home with you today, Mr Moscow, I know you were asking. Don't leave him alone. and special care needs to be taken to his region. Stitches around the base of the penis need to be kept dry, etc. He will still be weak from what has happened but we do not know if he will be able to walk without crutches for a while, or even ever. Make sure to take good care of

him, and help him with nests. I know the nurses here are rather oblivious to your ways and I apologise, Mr Berlin, for their rudeness and unwillingness to help, they will be dealt with accordingly." She walked out again and Russia seemed to smile a little before helping to get Germany ready for going out. Despite all of this care and attention that he was getting from Russia, he still could hear his father's voice.

Disgusting.

You should know better, West.

How could you build a nest like a fucking omega.

The doctors just got it wrong when they said you were an omega, our family has been and always will be alphas.

"Germany?"

You're faking your heat.

You're a liar.

You don't deserve a mate.

You-

He felt a hand on his cheek, and looked up at Russia, who looked worried at how distressed Germany had gotten in the few seconds that he had been silent. "Germany...do you want me to distract you from whatever is going on in there until we get you home?"

He would nod. "Ja...please...I like your voice..."

A soft but loud rumble of a chuckle from Russia would send sparks up Germany's back, and gently flush his face. "If that is the case then I shall ramble like normal."

SHORT I KNOW BUT SHHHHHHHHHHHHH

also what's your opinions on doing a book on the side? Like a chaos-filled book, following my headcanons and such but they're all lumped into high school. I've had so many ideas floating around for this. it will be informal writing. Not as serious as my Parallel Universes book, so chapters may be able to come out a little faster.

Omegaverse AU (RusGer)

Okay I'm vibin for rusger. No smut: only fluff, heat problems and nesting habits for West.

Oh and East is still alive and lives with West and Russia, but he doesn't get involved with West's work and he's barely around because fucking party boi is off partying with Polska, bros just being bros I guess.

--Germany's POV--

I hissed as a soft electric shock went up my body. I sat at my desk at the house, trying to get my work done. It was Saturday after all, and it was only 3pm. What didn't help was that all the Asian countries were called into a meeting today and since part of Russia is in Asia, he was called in too.

I wrapped myself more into his hoodie and hissed again, pressing the hoodie into my face and sniffing it deeply to try and distract myself. The pain and the feeling of slick was starting to get unbearable and I could barely type but I forced myself to carry on working. Just work away until Russia gets home. Just a couple more hours.

The work? Numbers, mainly. Just going through numbers. Calculate it, write it down, repeat. It was an easy process but one that I had to now force my brain to go through.

I glanced at the time. 15:47. Just 13 more minutes. I can hang on for that time, right? Apparently not, because I clutched my ice pack, trying to push it closer as I mewled loudly. The pain had skyrocketed, I had to at least try something.

So I called Russia.

"Hello? What's wrong? Why are you calling me?" I had never called him before, except once when I fell down the stairs and broke my

arm and my leg. I couldn't say anything, only mewling in response to his question, something I only did when my heat was coming. Which made him run, it sounded like. "Okay, I'm coming Germs, I'm coming, just hang in there." I had managed to get to the doorway before needing to pause, clinging onto the frame and whimpering. I couldn't feel my legs, and I kept whimpering down the phone, not able to form any English and needing another ice pack.

I heard the door slam. I wasn't aware that I had dropped my phone minutes ago. I also wasn't aware of him running to me. But I was aware of his arms wrapping around me and lifting me up off of the floor. My legs were wrapped around his waist and I continued to mewl into his shoulder, clutching at him. It was bad, very bad. Worse than any other that I had ever had. Though that could be because I hadn't mated with him yet despite us being together for 6 years now. I was placed down again and I immediately cuddled the nearest pillow before drifting off.

Hours later, I woke up. I groaned and weakly fumbled around for my glasses, putting them on before looking around. I was sort of shocked at what I saw. Russia had not only put me to bed, but had attempted to copy my nest design to try and get me comfortable. I smiled a little at his efforts before slowly starting to fix everything, feeling tired and sore in my joints. It would be in the next 24 hours or so that I would be thrown into the sexual side of the heat, Switzerland said it was possibly delayed due to what happened in the past.

Once fixed, I cuddled into the blankets and such, rubbing my face on the nearest Russia hoodie I could find in the nest. It made my nest smell of vodka and (most of the time) pork. Which was a good smell, it relaxed me. I breathed in the smell before smiling and grabbing my laptop. Perhaps I would be able to turn in those papers by tomorrow.

SHORT I KNOW

I JUST NEEDED TO GET IT OUT THANK YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT-

Edit: it unpublished for some reason, sorry

New Naga (Weimar x USSR)

Sorry for the long wait but this took AGES TO WRITE ISTG. It's been nearly a month since I last uploaded here! Holy shit!

I love writing long chapters but idk how you guys feel about it.

Thank you Discord Aunt (Love ya Swap UvU) for giving me this idea, I owe you one, and okay, maybe we're going into the personal canon ships now but I needed to write something with Weimar in it.

Also yes warnings: description of deer death/disection, intestinal gore, smut (I can't write a short Naga story without sex sorry guys), mpreg, and nesting (why did I even put this as a warning).

Also slight headcanons before we start:
- Weimar is about 1.9 metres tall, constriction-type, nervy bottom.
- USSR is about 2.5 metres tall, venom-type, the most confident top you'll ever meet.
- This was before USSR lost his marbles :)

He grumbled and slithered out of his hut and onto the grass. The sun was shining hard this morning, making him wake up early and go outside, yet despite the sun it was freezing cold. Good. He likes the cold, and he was for once glad for the underground containers and manually set cycles. Grabbing his ushanka, he made sure it was correctly positioned on his head before doing what he normally did in the morning. Exercises. Anything to keep up his fitness. There was a reason why he was called a Terror for a reason and if he didn't keep up his fitness, he was sure to loose that title, or worse go insane from the mating season that had just arrived. Listening to the other Nagas around him mate with their mates whilst he still didn't have one was insulting, and mad him a mixture of depressed,

anxious and very angry for some reason. And his own rut would make him work himself harder in his exercising. At this point, he had come to the point where noone would want to mate with him, so he turned that extra energy into excuses to exercise for longer and make himself even more of a brute.

His workout basically consisted of laps followed by pull-ups on the tree in the habitat and then a 10 minute break before repeating all of this for a few hours with the occasional swim in his container's pool, at least until dinner arrived. Occasionally they would put a potential mate or an alpha in, just to test him. At this point, he was still unmated, much to their dismay. He hopped down from the tree as he heard the wheels. Meal time was early. Which meant that it wasn't meal time. The door opened, and another Naga was pushed in before the door closed again.

He sniffed the air. Another one from that godforsaken German clan. He had been put with an all red one from that clan before, and it was a wonder he didn't kill it from all the fighting they did. But this one smelt...sweeter? He watched from a distance as the new Naga picked himself up and put glasses back on his face, retying his hair before looking around. He would have mistaken this one for an alpha if it wasn't for the unique unmated smell on him. But his colours were amazing, an array of black, yellow and red stripes, all three of his favourite colours. His tail was striped in the same way, and his body and scales were covered in proud and distinct scars. But what caught him off guard the most was those eyes...the right a deep red, the left a golden colour. The same eye and same shade of the eye that he himself his away under an eyepatch, just swapped around. His eyes were just amazing...no wonder they wanted them to mate now. Two Nagas, both with heterochromatia and the same colours of eyes? Extremely rare.

Finally, the Naga noticed him, and slid over carefully, curious about him. His mouth slightly open, showing off no fangs. So he was constrictor-type then. Another difference inbetween his and his bloodline. His movements were graceful and gentle, and he didn't even notice when he touched his arm. Then he spoke.

"So you're the Red Beast that my younger brother was talking about, ja?" His voice was, again, nothing like his brother's. Silky,

gentle, smooth and delicate, just like the rest of his actions. It was a relief to hear another Naga who could speak, it was irritating talking to himself.

He smiled as he spoke to this male. There was something about him that he just loved. Maybe because he was taller, maybe it was his skin, a much darker red than what he was used to, and the hat just made him look adorable. He normally didn't like being observed over...but his eye on as piercing into him, giving him a calming sensation. He smelt like some sort of piercing alcohol but there was also smoke and firewood mixed into that smell. A very unfamiliar smell but one that he could get used to.

And talking with the Naga only accentuated these feelings. His voice was rough, and the way he would miss small English words or roll his R's would sent electric shocks up and down his spine. And conversing with him would show that he had at least some knowledge of upcoming events from other areas of the facility.

Whilst waiting for food to arrive again, he would sink into the pool that he had, all whilst the taller male looked on from the biggest and tallest rock in the enclosure. The water was warmer than the area around the enclosure, making it almost like a sauna. He was able to relax in it whilst also still chatting with this Naga that lived in this enclosure. He wondered why he didn't join him in the water, but again that piercing eye was so thrilling to feel staring onto his skin, observing every inch of him. It was the first time that someone had observed him this much, and it made him feel more confident with the scarring on his body. He would occasionally turn, fueling that Naga's need for staring at him. He knew that it was a mating hint but he didn't actually know if he would want to mate with him. Even America had a hard time trying to get him to mate with him, and America had mated with most males at this point.

The door opened again. This time it was indeed food time. But only one prey was put into the pen. "I assume they want one of us hunt..." The taller male muttered, almost displeased, and came down from his rock to go and hunt.

He met him halfway, his hair still wet, and tapped the taller male's arm. "I'll do it...it's the least ich can do since ich am your visitor." The other Naga nodded, and he slowly slithered forwards, readjusting his glasses as he snuck up on the fawn. Once close enough, he lurched forwards and sunk his fangs into the fawn to hold it still as his tail wrapped around the neck. He focused on his prey as he tightened his tail grip on the young deer until he heard a small 'pop'. He let it go and looked over to the larger Naga, whom he had learnt was named Soviet. His face was just...full of amazement for some reason. He thought it was normal, to suffocate his pray in such a manner. Obviously not. The taller one advanced, before he expertly disected it with his claw. Stunned at how beautifully he would cut it, he would purr in approval, waiting until it was done. The taller one reached inside of the deer, and pulled out something, before giving it to him in an open clawed hand and his head bowed low.

The heart of the deer.

He would look at it, and then look back at him, before taking it into his own clawed hands, looking at it. He...he would choose him? A smaller, scarred, weaker male? But he couldn't refuse. It was perfectly cut out, and by the look on his face, he had waited a long time. He looked at it some more, and changed a small poke at the heart. No blood, Soviet had even had the consideration to drain all the blood out of it. It...it sealed the deal. He smiled, nodded at Soviet, before licking the heart. And then eating it, showing him that he accepted his proposal of being his mate

He suddenly looked up, and behind him. The humans were still there, and taking notes. Kind of rude. He wasn't going to have sex with his new mate with those assholes looking on, and looking over at Soviet he seemed to think the same thing.

He stared, with shock and pride, as Weimar ate the heart that he had been given. Finally, he had seen the Naga he had wanted, and he had managed to get him into his grasp. The only thing left now is to make it official...but not with those nosy humans watching. He wasn't going to seal their fantasies. Instead, he waited until they

were gone before he continued to divide out the meat, making sure that his mate got the best and juciest cuts.

Watching him eat was just as good as observing his body. The way his teeth sunk into the meat, the way the juices and blood would dribble down his face, the way his tongue would lick up these dribbles...it finally tipped him over the edge. Either this Naga was innocent, or he knew exactly what he was doing. And by the look on his face, he knew what he was doing to his mate.

His own meat soon forgotten, he slithered over as he bit into another chunk of meat. He stopped Weimar's tongue licking up the dribbles, and instead did it himself, slowly and carefully making sure to not miss anything. He panted as he finished, and took some time to observe him, since he was now closer. All those scars on his face just showed how tough and strong his mate was, but by his expression, he didn't think so.

"Weimarrr..." He would caress his cheek with his claw, making his eyes dart up to his face. "I know you'rrre thinking about yourrr scarrrs...they'rrre not as horrrible as you think they arrre..." And to prove his point, he would lick and kiss every single one of his scars, excluding the one over his lip. He tasted a little bit like coffee and milk, but he needed to taste it more. And he would take his time with that one, licking it several times before pressing his lips against his.

It was just like if a fire had been set off. Once ignited, both of them were pushing at each other, food totally forgotten as their instincts told them to crave each other. Two alpha-like personalities normally didn't work this well together, but of course it helped when one was biologically Alpha and the other biologically Beta. Weimar had, at this point, wrapped both of his arms around his neck, pulling the both of them closer together until their chests were pressed harshly against each other.

He asked for permission before Weimar could, and he was hesitantly granted it. The bitter coffee taste was so addicting, and he used his tongue to explore all of his mouth, getting as much of that bitter coffee with a slight mix of milk into his mouth. But unfortunately they had to pull away from each other, both of them

panting and gripping onto each other.

Curling his tail around Weimar's, he watched him over as he slowly asked permission to seal their mating. The squeeze back was tighter than anything that he had every imagined. He immediately went down to his neck, bearing his fangs and tracing it along until he found that one spot where Weimar mewled. There, he sank his fangs in, and he could feel that strong tail curl up towards his waist. He would continue to mark, finally finding the source of that coffee. Finally, they were official mates, and as he kept marking him he was quietly hissing as he found it hard to let his dicks out.

Just a genetic mutation, he was told by the humans. It wouldn't affect him, and in fact apparently three would help him get a mate sooner. But here he was, struggling to get them out because it was too tight to get all three out on his own.

Somehow, Weimar sensed it. Still attached to his neck, he could feel the tip of his tail flick into the slit, helping them out with a small smirk on his face. He pulled his fangs out of his mate's neck and panted, licking over his face once again as his tail, now with all three out, coiled around each one individually, and started to squeeze then contract, occasionally with an small jerk as well.

He couldn't let him go unnoticed though. He slid his hands down his body, gently rubbing him, before coming to his two dicks. His tail couldn't do what Weimar's was doing, so his hands would have to suffice. He slowly felt them, and smirked. They were small enough to fit both in one hand. Good. With his mate still wrapping his arms around his neck and mewling, his other hand went into the slit below his dicks, and he slowly started to insert a finger, then two, then three. The sounds that came out of the smaller were just exquisite, and he soon found himself going faster on the inexperienced Naga. He wanted more and more of those mewls and moans that came out of his mouth, as well as the odd word that he could only assume was in German.

He needed more of that.

Weimar's tail had drooped off of his dicks a while ago, and he was now leaning into his shoulder, making small bites into his shoulder.

He was trying to mate back, something that he was supposed to do, but he had no idea how to do it. So he had to stop and show him, groaning as he helped him sink his teeth into the corner where his shoulder and his neck met. It felt so good, those two smaller daggers going into his neck, and he kept going with his hand movements, needing to get him prepared properly. But the way that he kept bucking against his hand made him more desperate than he already was, and so he let go of everything.

He would grab onto Weimar's body, and pull him closer, their torso's pressing up against each other as his tips teased his enterance, and with that small mewl that his mate made, he pushed the three of them into him.

Oh the sounds that came out. He was nearly tipped over, but forced himself to hang on for his mate. And so once he could feel that he had adjusted to him, he started to slowly thrust into the smaller Naga. His hands gripped his waist as he continued, groaning quietly as he could feel the Naga's nails scratching his back. That was okay, they would heal.

He rested his head on his shoulder, and began to speed up though, Weimar's two dicks rubbing up and down his stomach and stimulating them at the same time. He could feel him clenching onto him, and the moans that would come out of their mouth would almost harmonise.

He grew in speed yet again, and could feel himself coming close, that familiar feeling in the stomach bubbling away. And soon after, he would climax, biting into Weimar's shoulder again. And he would climax as well, quite possibly overstimulated by that bite.

They would both hold each other for the longest time, regaining their breath but not moving from one another. Then, slowly, he picked Weimar up and helped him to the small hut, still not exiting from him. Not for now at least.

The following morning, he would wake up from not feeling Soviet beside him. He would slowly get up, still a little sore and weighed

down from yesterday, as he peeked out of the door and smile at the sight he saw.

Soviet was not doing his usual exercise routine. What he was doing was collecting materials for a nest. Weimar's nest. It wasn't the best shape, it was a little off-circular and it didn't look anywhere near comfy enough yet, but it was a help.

He slowly slithered out of the hut, and towards the best, taking his time as to not startle his mate. And he would slowly curl up on one side of the nest, purring in approval. Although it didn't look the best from the inside either, he was wrong when he said it didn't look comfy. Because it was very comfy. He would slowly tweak things, but leave the majority for Soviet to do. He would need energy for tonight, especially when the egg shells only took 12 hours to develop.

Well I suppose I'm done? I don't know if you want more Naga stuff.

But please let me know what you want because I am open for taking requests :) don't be shyyy

Look I'm bored and I want to share some of my headcanons :)

Now that my personal standard AU for countryhumans is more developed, might as well write down generalised ideas.

Might get a bit confusing but you're welcome to ask questions.

Countries are split into three categories (Modique, Union and Entity), and within that two sub-categories (Dachine and Achine). They represent the land, not the people (this makes it a lot easier and separates CH from IRL news), and are banned from

participating in politics after WW2. Countries can be pure blooded or mixed between classes.

Class

- Modique-class countries are your standard CH. They show traits of their National Animal(s), and are generally human-like, with their lands flag on their face. They all have ball (or in some cases other shapes) forms, but it depends on the shape of their head. Some examples: Canada (ball form), America (ball form), Kazakhstan (rectangle form) and Russia (mix, ball form).

- Union-class countries are what the name suggests, a Union of Modique and/or Entity-class countries. The countries in these unions show up as countryballs on the shoulders, heads and wherever they can find of the Union. Some Union's countries are only half Union due to the countries in these Unions being recognised as individual countries. Generally they range from 2.5 metres to 5 metres high. Examples are United Kingdom (half), USSR (half and also dead), Germany (pure).

- Entity-class countries are vicious beasts, often influenced by evil and/or greed. They do not look human and can be all sorts of shapes and sizes. Half-entities are still the same, but inherit their class from strictly bloodline causes, thus they have not lost their minds and consequently are not evil. Sometimes the corruption doesn't agree with the body and separates, forming a new identity (Reichtangle is a good example, another example would be Teutonic Order). Examples would be Russia (half), Weimar Republic (half), West and East Germany (half), USSR (half turned pure).

- Dachine sub-class is basically the deceased. They appear as shadows if they were pure entities, and ghosts if they were half entity/modique.

- Shadows hide in the shadows (obviously). They can come out so far and touch, but they mostly mock and jeer from a distance.

- Ghosts are not like your regular ghosts. They have a similar form that can be touched, felt, stabbed, whatever. But what makes them different is that on top of

the abilities that they had when they were alive, they gain more that are ghost-like. If they get mad, then their physical form starts to deteriorate to what it was like when they died.

- Achine sub-class is the living. Not much to say here.

Both Dachine and Achine sub-classes still suffer with the effects of being an Alpha, Beta or Omega. Many countries are Beta or Alpha, with only a few being Omega. Most twins are formed as one Alpha, one Omega (West and East Germany, Japan Twins).

Countryhumans can only die by Countryhuman hands. Assassinations are not often worried about. It would take a countryhuman weeks to die of stab wounds, hours to die if they were torn to bloody pieces. Poor Weimar.

Even though East is dead, West and East can still unionise to form Unionised Germany. I wonder if that could be the same for other countries that are dead.

Reichtangle is...something different. Most do not know where to put him. He was the first entity to agree to his collar when he was told he had to wear one. He cannot speak, and can easily attach himself to countries. During the world wars, he found himself emotionally attached to Poland. Now, after over 50 years (and a good few polish punches to the face), he follows West Germany around the mechanic workshop that he owns. He's a very good nightguard and gets lots of treats.

So yeah! Any questions, and I'll make sure to answer them. I'm thinking of releasing a book just for my headcanons so keep an eye out for that book :)

Teasers :)

If you read my Parallel Universes book, no need to read this :)

Well, my friends, I have teasers. For two books that I am writing.

Both of these books are pre-written (Oiled Machines less so, I want to write a few chapters before getting you guy's ideas. I want it to be like the OneShot book except less shipping and more serious topics).

The first one is another CH book, one that I was going to write for a while anyway. It's called 'Oiled Machines', and it's not so much shipping but more chaos, angst and steampunk-things.

A whir of cogs, and the occasional puff of air. The bang of pumps mashing against metal, followed by an ear-piercing whistle. Machines shuddered and shivered, as well as the odd jolt. Occasionally they would string together sentences of German, ones that their creator had taught them. This was West Germany's safe haven, a place where he constantly stayed. The machines, although

they did talk back, at least they were truthful in their words. He had made sure to think of that when making his machines. His wonderful machines.

In their city, filled with countryhumans, statehumans and pretty much everything in between, he preferred his basement, filled with machinery and robotic voices. It was like he had made up his very own world. And it was good that he had.

The wheels that helped him glide across the floor meant that he was not able to farm, or hunt, even though that was off the list anyway due to heats. Those horrible, once every four month pains. Not that he couldn't feel pain anyway; his cousin, Austria, had him on so many meds for his other problems that the pains didn't show up usually.

Another whistle broke him out of his train of thought and he wheeled himself back over to his desk, where he was currently fixing a pair of flight wings for Kazakhstan. That country...if it wasn't for him being a brother-in-law (to be), he would throw him out of a second-storey window. He always winds up stuck somewhere, whether that be in a window or in a tree. No one would believe him when he said he was over 500 years old, and with good reason too.

He grabbed his spanner, before going over the bolts of the wings one more time, making sure that a certain white and red Countryhuman couldn't unscrew it and be a helping hand in him being impaled. Again. That Poland...he knew that he was just trying to stir up trouble. And after the recent second war, he had every right to be pissed off, and even angry at European countries. But trying to kill off a countryhuman just because they're soon married to the nephew of the person who ripped them in half is too much.

A loud ring cut his thoughts off, and he wheeled backwards towards the machine, smacking a few buttons before answering the call. A face showed up on the screen, one that he couldn't be happier in seeing. America. He may be the most annoying Countryhuman that he had to deal with, and he may be blind, and deaf when he forgets his hearing aids but he sure is caring about him, even with his radiating young grandfather energy. He turned most of the

machines off, it was about midnight so they needed to rest anyway, before turning back to him.

"Guten tag America..." His voice sounded weary; exhausted, uneven, and a little bit hoarse. He really needed to stop his smoking but in a wheelchair (and the fact that they're immortal), he had no real reason to stop anyway. He wasn't going to be running anytime soon.

"Hello West-jeez your voice sounds even worse today. How are you keeping up though?" That was also another good thing about America. Always chirpy, always pleased to see someone. It made him feel a little better, but not too much.

"The usual, America. What's the report then?"

"Major, otherwise I would be calling you outside of work hours, we've managed to capture and lock away Soviet. The asshole has been running from us since the second war. Luckily his kids took over his grounds 30 years ago otherwise we would be in a bit of a pickle. The other thing is that East has given you total control over your territory, he said he didn't want to be involved with it."

"Fair." After all the shit he had been through, it was only a matter of time before he would drop his duties and just focus on himself and Kazakhstan. "Any other reports?"

"Just the usual, Russia and Ukraine squabbling, Poland attempting another poisoning of EU only to be slightly slapped on the wrists, and Finland smoking in the corner again. I swear, you and him could complete in how much you smoke, I'm serious, you need to stop it. We may not be able to die, but you're going to fuck yourself up more than you are already."

He would sigh, and shake his head to himself. It was his choice if he wanted to smoke. And aside from America's family (which technically America was his step grand uncle, since France was his great grandmother and parent to German Empire) and Kazakhstan, nobody would carry if he just disappeared one day. Everything would carry on as normal. "Anyway, you seem busy. I'll leave you too it. Remember the meeting tomorrow at 7." And with that, the call ended.

He leaned back into his wheelchair, and since the wings that he was working on was finished, he put it in a case to give to Kazakhstan tomorrow before sliding over to his personal project with a heavy sigh.

This second one is a very secret project, in production now for nearly a year yet I've only written 6 chapters so far lmao. I won't tell you the name, or what/who it's about (some of you might get who it's about though), the information will all be released at a later date, don't you worry. Various things in this teaser are redacted. I can't just be telling you information like that can't I?

His eye wandered across the white puffs on the ground, seeing the imprinted textures in the soft snow. The [REDACTED] whispered to him and the others in a silky voice that spoke without being heard.

Follow those tracks, my brave Hunters.

Without talking, him and his hunting squad followed these tracks until they spotted their prey: a large but dangerous moose. If they could take him down, it could feed all eleven villages for a month. This was no normal moose, standing at 20 lengths tall and with an antler span of 10-15 lengths on each side of its head. And this was only a two year old, but this was the biggest they could handle right now in their time of low numbers. He followed the lead hunter's hand movements, slowly approaching the deer, before-

It charged. Straight into them.

The leader yelled, and they scattered, and he ran as fast as he could, wings pressed tightly against his back. He panted, and the

thundering of hooves was surrounding the holes in the side of his head. He needed distance to take off safely, but at this point he had no choice in the matter, his legs were getting sorer and sorer with every step he took. He made his wings spread out and eventually took off.

In his hurry to take off, he felt his left wing tweak and he hissed silently in pain as he managed to get into the air. That hurt even more, but at least he was up in the air, away from whatever was chasing him. Gritting his teeth and flapping his wings even though one of them was sprained in his struggle to get in the air, he looked at what was chasing him, and it wasn't the 2 year old moose. No, this thing was massive, 50 lengths tall and obviously the alpha of the pack of moose. They had thought the 2 year old was alone.

A shame, my Hunters. Better luck next time when Hunting.

He flew south for a bit before having to touch down, on the sand mixed beach coated in snow. He let his left wing hang out, trying to relax the pain in it as he walked to the icy edge of the sea. He sat down, and sighed, watching the activity of the sea through the ice.

He was only newly independent. 200 years was not a long time compared to the [REDACTED] Clans, or his fellow [REDACTED] Clans that were independent before the war broke out. Peace deals were still being signed and worked on. Once those were over, he was to be allowed into the meetings at his brother's castle. Not that he wanted to go back there. It had done him good to be away from that disgusting place. It stunk of corrupt monarchism, something that he didn't want to smell ever again but knew he had to at some point if peace was ever to continue.

He heard a squawk and looked up into the sky. A big, white owl came towards him and he reached out an arm, allowing it to perch on his arm. It hoo-hooed to him, before pecking his mask and nuzzling into his scar-ridden neck, getting a hidden smile from behind his black mask. This was his friend, someone that he treated almost like a child, if he could have any.

He stroked along her feathers with his metal hand, getting a small coo from her as she relaxed into the stroking. This is what he liked.

Just him, his bird, and the frozen sea. Oh and the [REDACTED], the creature living in the snow that connected every clan member's head together.

He didn't like what he had heard about the fiery depths of the [REDACTED], and he still resented the clans that lived in the [REDACTED], which included his brother. The [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was peaceful and nature had learnt to bend to the ways to the cruel master of magic radiation.

Watching through the ice, he could see what was happening below. The small shapes of fish and other edible creatures, as well as sharks and other creatures that had learnt to adapt to the bitter coldness.

The ground shook, and a large yell followed by shattering ice. Their head reared up from the ice, looking at him with six blue diamonds peering out of black and white scales. They opened their mouth and yellowed fangs appeared, and they moved closer to him, nostrils breathing out on him and taking in his scent. Once they had evaluated who he was, they came closer, laying their head down on the ground and closing their eyes.

This was not a Leviathan native to his grounds though. The black and white scales signified that they were from deeper down in the sea, and somewhere much warmer. His Leviathans were pure black, to be able to take in as much heat as possible, with bright red eyes.

Looking closer, he saw that they weren't even a Leviathan. He had mistook their fur as scales, and he hadn't even seen the kelp mane and beautiful twitching ears. This was a Kelpie, not a Leviathan. [REDACTED]'s Animal of Creation. So either he was in trouble with the Clans, or he was being summoned. Either way, he couldn't refuse.

He pulled a piece of paper from within his jacket, starting to use his magic to write on it without any need of ink. He didn't need to send his owl out with it though, because a fellow clan member came towards him, hurriedly coming along, a letter in one hand and his dress uniform draped over the arm. He was thankful. He didn't want to be seen as untidy, and mask's eyes locked together as they

exchanged what they had.

He quickly changed his white hunting uniform for his red dress uniform, taking the coloured arm bands and tying them around his upper arms. He took the letter from the clan member's hand and he ran off, with his owl following. He opened it, and read through it.

[REDACTED],

[REDACTED] has organised a meeting for a week's time, in [REDACTED]'s territory. You are obligated to come since this will be the peace treaty that we have so carefully designed, so that such a devastating war cannot happen again.

[REDACTED] has however asked for your presence immediately, to be able to meet you face to face and go over some things in private.

We ask of you to bring no weapons that respond to your magic. This is, again, for safety purposes and will ensure that you will get treated better when coming to the peace treaty.

Do not worry about being underwater. You will be provided with ways of being able to breathe underwater.

See you soon

He raised an eyebrow from under his mask before putting the letter in his jacket inner pocket. He didn't have his preferred weapon on him, only his hunting and farming tools that he kept on him when doing his job, so he assumed that he was able to bring those with him. He gently patted the Kelpie's head before swinging a leg over the Kelpie's neck, silently hoping that this was not how he was going to die.

Once their rider was on, the Kelpie turned around and started to swim, moving forward with deadly power striding through their every leg, swimming for an hour at least before they went straight

up, almost as if rearing. He immediately buried his head into the kelpie's mane before it crashed into the water.

It swam straight down. The water started to wrap around him, threatening to suffocate him as the light vanished from the surface. He now just had the Kelpie to cling onto for dear life, and he didn't know if he could hold in his breath much longer. He leaned closer to the mane, just hoping that the thin line of a border in front of him would save him from having to hold his breath any longer.

New Naga (part 2)

Hey

You two lovely people (Emo_warrior365 and CreatureColorado) who requested this, thank you :)

Now onto fluff and cuteness with a dash of angst~

It wasn't long until Weimar had his eggs. But they were a bigger clutch than usual. Constrictor-types usually only laid about 6 eggs a clutch, but somehow Weimar had laid 21. 21 eggs is a lot of eggs to look after.

But almost immediately, Soviet realised that some of them weren't...right. 15 of them were very strong. 2 of them were questionable, but the other 4...both Soviet and Weimar knew deep down that they were not going to survive the 12 weeks. An intuition that they had, in case a predator came they could take the strong and leave the weak if they absolutely had to decide. And for some reason, this angered Soviet.

He could have had 21 children. 21 beautiful, small children. But only 15 of them were definitely going to survive. And he didn't blame it on Weimar, he had suffered long and hard during the process, it was so long that the humans had to come in and help him with the final 6. For some reason, he started blaming the humans.

Weimar had been around them his entire life. He fought with them, he helped them in their wars and he treated them like comrades. Maybe they did tamper with his body before he was put in this facility. All of his life, he was told that humans were scum. So this was the only explanation he saw.

He never saw Weimar's slightly terrified expression as he went to

the side of the container and pummelled it with all his strength. He needed to let it out, otherwise bad things could happen. He didn't want to hurt his mate.

After a couple of hours of pure fist-punching the glass, he slithered back over to Weimar, before curling up next to him and nuzzling his face in apology. Weimar nuzzled back. Good. He was still angry, and a feeling of upset was also lingering. Maybe even betrayal. The humans did this, is what his mind was repeating, only to be grounded again by touches and noises from Weimar, somehow sensing his distress.

And after a couple more hours, the doors opened and humans came in again. He just wanted to go over, to strangle one of them, but for his sake he didn't. He didn't want to be seperate from his children.

They set down food. Pre-killed, and a lot of it too. Weimar's stomach growled in response, but he ignored the need to go over to the meat and looked down at his eggs. His children. He gently stroked each one before he kissed each one. They were all such a blessing. The humans told him there wasn't much possibility of him even having 1 healthy egg, nevermind 15. That's why he wasn't too distressed over the four dead ones. He had 15 children more than he ever thought he would.

He looked at Soviet, and then motioned over to the food. "Sovi...you eat first. I think they want to check on our children." After much persuasion, he went over to the meat, and slowly ate, watching the humans as they came close to his eggs.

His instinct was to cover them, and he followed his instinct, hissing quietly as well. But a small stroke on his arm from a familiar scent of a half-naga got him relaxed once more.

Switzerland. He was related *somewhere* on the family tree, but with the mess that his fathers had made, he wasn't sure whether he was a brother, a cousin, a nephew, or some amalgamation of the three. But it was a familiar German scent. And so he let him look at them.

The small awww that came out of him was the cutest thing that he had ever heard. And after Switzerland drew away, he let the others glance as well. The four that weren't going to survive...were squishy. And wouldn't be good for the clutch. He let them take them away, only for Switzerland to tell him that they weren't even fertilised, which was why there was no shell on them. Now that made a lot more sense, and Soviet looked semi guilty as he brought over some meat for Weimar.

The humans stayed a while, marking the 15 strong eggs with a pen, labelling them with an X whilst the other two was labelled with an O. They also made sure that Weimar was actually getting fed, watching from a distance as Soviet hand-fed Weimar a lot of meat.

On the day of hatching, Weimar woke up early. Him and Soviet had been sleeping seperately, as to not accidently crush the eggs. He didn't wake up randomly though.

One of the eggs had moved.

Excidedly, he cried out to Soviet, who immediately woke up and gruggily came towards him. There had been other times where there had been a false alarm. Today was not that day. After 12 agonising weeks, they were coming out, and they were going to see their babies for the first time.

That first egg hatched in record time. The humans had timed it 2 minutes. And he was very strong, looking almost like his father except from a blue stripe down the side of his face and that shining, golden eye. And most of the 15 eggs that hatched were the same. The last one to hatch did have a hint of Weimar: that same, blockhead shape that his uncle had, except sideways and without the creepy eyes. But the golden wings, no one could explain how he had gotten golden wings. Maybe Soviet's father had some explaining to do, or it could be unknown genetics from the mess of Weimar's family tree. But what they did know was that he was their little angel.

The other two eggs, they waited all day for them to hatch whilst the

other 15 slithered over them, trying to get them to wake up and come out of their eggs. And the humans decided to come in and help.

One was tasked with looking after the 15 small nagas, a d taking pictures along with recording information. That was a task. They were almost immediately on top of the poor human, slithering over him and nibbling at his arms and shoulders. Their little angel was very photogenic, and allowed the human to take several pictures of them.

Switzerland, along with another half-naga, was tasked with helping the two eggs hatch. One was cracked a little, and pronounced dead. That deflated Weimar, until the shock that came from his relative. He looked down, and watched that final egg hatch.

One small head poked out of the shell, looking around. Then it got it's body out, before reaching back in and helping another Naga come out. No wonder why that egg was slightly bigger than the others, it had two in it.

And they were almost identical to Weimar. The same colours on their flag, except one was without an emblem and one had an emblem kind of similar to Soviet's. They were small, smaller than the others, and one of them was definitely weaker.

Weimar picked them both up, and snuggled them, helping to get rid of the sling that was on them like he did with his 15 other children. 17. 17 babies, with twins as well. Weimar was very very lucky.

Later on that night, Soviet lay awake, holding Weimar close. He wasn't awake due to anger, or worry. The thing that was keeping him awake was that not only did Weimar decide to sleep on top of him, but all 17 of his children decided to do exactly the same too. He wasn't wasting this time, however. He was going through names, names that he wanted to call their children. He had decided on 15 names, names for the ones that had inherited more of his flag. But he hadn't decided on ones for Weimar.

Slowly, he shook him awake, being greeted by a yawn. "Weimarrr...ourrr childrrren arrre heavy."

"They are indeed...are you still thinking of names?"

"Mhmm..." He would look down at his mate, before floofing his hair. "I have 15 names so farrr..."

"Let's hear them then."

"Rrrussia, for the first born...Ukrrraine, Georrrgia, Belorrrussia, Uzbekistan, Arrrmenia, Azerrrbaijan, Kyrrrgyzstan, Moldova, Turrrkmenistan, Tajikistan, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia...with Kazakhstan being forrr ourrr little angel."

"They all sound so wonderful...have you thought of any for our twins?" The said twins were on Weimar's chest. Because they were both week, he insisted on keeping them close to him at all times.

"Someone has to carrry on the Gerrrman name..."

"True...Germany it is...but...how will we differentiate them?"

"I...I don't know..."

Silence, before Weimar's face lit up. "Oh, I know...as a child, I always said that if I was going to have children, I would name them after the compass points. I was obsessed with exploring."

"Well...its not a bad idea...but what points?"

"West...West and East Germany...that sounds good..."

"It...it does..." And with that, he would slowly drift off, not having anything else to worry about.

Im staring to love writing oneshots UvU
Another part? With slightly older babies perhaps?

Blind Chaos

Yes I've started naming my chapters, I thought it might be easier lmao, especially if people want a continuation.

Bluebunny2017 **this was your request: Could you do one where Scotland and AH meet each other and they somehow get into a fight and to break it up, GE yells "he has a knife!" And they both run?**

I love chaos suggestions. So thank you, I can certainly do it. Now onwards!

It started out as just any old day for Austria-Hungary. Wake up, fall out of bed, grumble about how his husband's twin has changed the layout of the house again, also grumble about how he comes into the house through a window instead of using the door, and then sit down and have a cup of tea without pouring it everywhere.

The usual.

Today, however, was a Sunday. And Sunday was the best day of the week, because that was where he gets his gossip. The tea gossip was usually shared between himself, GE, Ottoman, PLC, RE and sometimes Soviet when he wasn't trying to look after the chaos at his house.

He never liked watching the news, especially the news focused for Countryhumans. That news was always full of shit anyway.

Poland threatened to murder literally everyone once again, Wales raced Kazakhstan (never a good idea, Kazakhstan is a better flyer than the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth himself), Finland thought it would be a good idea to go paintballing, West Germany was flung into the ocean and America and Russia got into one of their fake fights again that nobody believed because everyone knew

they secretly screwed each other. The same old-

"Wait what?" He had to double take, and fumble with the remote before pressing the button to rewind the news again. He normally didn't listen to UN but why the hell was his grandson flung out of his wheelchair and into the ocean. He accidently rewinded too far though and had to listen to the Finland fiasco. Which was certainly interesting.

"...paintballing with Finland that ended in Sweden having a black eye and Norway with three broken ribs."

"Ouch." He jumped as his husband had appeared over his shoulder without warning. "Sorry Aus. But that does sound painful." He sat down beside him and he immediately leaned into GE.

"Now onto the next story. A report from Austria has revealed that West Germany has been thrown into the ocean by East after Hungary decided it would be a good idea to steal his prosthetics. East assumed it was West and three him in, and then threw Hungary and Austria in as well after finding out what had happened. I think that's what Switzerland said anyway but he was wheezing too much for him to say proper sentences."

"Sometimes I get concerned over our grandsons."

"Only sometimes, Aus?"

"Yup, only sometimes...in the most part, they're very much like Weimar...organised, colour coded but a mess when coming to social interaction. West more so."

"I suppose that is the case...though Soviet was very anti-social too and look at his children. One of them is a hyperactive ball of golden that is extremely good at flying but throws up the moment he tries to stand still, and the other one is always helping out Canada with-"

"Shhh, GE, I don't need to hear the details again if there's nothing new. Though remember that time that Canada gave him an almost black neck?"

"The look on Soviet's face was priceless. It was so horrifying but he

made sure that Ukraine could talk before making sure Canada had a good smack."

"Yes...that was the highlight of the month in my opinion...oh, thank you for the tea, GE." He would gently sip on his tea. "Its very good today, your brother didn't stress you out did he?"

"Nope. Ever since he built that cabin in the woods behind our house he's been very quiet. I must check up on him actually, he's never really done too well being away from family before."

"You must stop stressing about him. He'll be fine, and we're still close to him if he does need us."

"Yes but I don't want him crawling through your window again at 3am in the morning."

He would sigh. The last time that Reichtangle had done that, he had accidentally shot the blockheaded idiot because he thought that he was an intruder. Not his proudest moment. Then again he was blind...so he had an excuse. Sort of.

Instead, he would pat GE's shoulder and stand up. "Come on, Liebling...I don't want to be late for the gossip." Grabbing his cane, he would go for the front door, his partner following close behind.

Holding Austria Hungary's hand, he would walk beside him, knowing better than to try and guide him. He had been slapped a few times because of it. Austria liked being independent, and he was not going to interfere with that.

Instead he would talk. Talk about the weather, about what people were doing. So that he could build up an image in Austria Hungary's head. He felt his partner stop, and he would stop his rant about how people couldn't drive before turning to look to what situation he had gotten himself into. Austria-Hungary was shouting, and quite angrily as well. But it was who he was yelling at which got him nearly to laugh.

Scotland. The always quiet, almost shy country had accidentally

walked into him. His tail was wrapped around his waist in nervousness, and he was grasping his cane. Oh, did he mention that Scotland was also blind?

What started as a yelling match soon went to screaming when Scotland lost his chill and yelled back. And for a split moment, he was terrified of something happening. So he did the thing he was told never to do.

"WATCH IT! HE HAS A KNIFE!!"

And the chaos that ensued...

Random people stood by, glaring at him, but the two of them went completely opposite directions, Austria-Hungary running towards him whilst Scotland ran down an alleyway and into a wall.

He felt bad for Scotland, but had to get Austria-Hungary away safely. So he lifted him and carried him across the street to where the gossip table had been booked.

"...he was such a jerk! Not only that, but luckily German Empire told me he had a knife!!" Everyone in his group was listening, but he could hear German Empire cackling. "Germ? Liebling? Are you not telling me something?" And after a minute of calming down, he spoke.

"That was Schottland..."

He could hear some gasps and he looked at him.

"Hes blind as well...and he probably didn't know you were blind..."

Silence.

Then he burst out in laughter, trembling a little. "Oh my God that's amazing!"

Sorry that it's bad but I love your stories, and how creative you are with Germany and his sleepwalking patterns. Keep it up!!

New Naga (part 3)

Warnings: West Gemany angst, and sibling fighting, a small bit of West x Canada fluff :). Also first heat because why not, so that serves as your warning for masturbation.

I should really write a smutshot book at this point shouldn't I?

--West Germany's POV--

"Give that back!!"

"It was mine first!!"

He sighed, as he watched his siblings play. Ever since his birth, he had not been able to use his tail normally, only able to move it a little but not enough to get him to move. So he was unable to play like his siblings, or even move and work like his parents.

He flipped a page, and picked up his pen again. He had been writing ever since he could, and made sure he wrote in both German and English regularly. So that he wouldn't forget either language. Right now, he was learning his third language. Canadian French.

He had first seen that Naga when he was taken out of his container to transfer to this newer and much bigger one. He was put right opposite their family, and just...it was one of those immediate crush things. Something that he was not used to since he couldn't interact with others like his siblings. Not only that, but he was very often sick and had to keep trying to put on weight.

He would look up, and smile as his twin was coming over with a snack in one hand and the ball tucked under his other arm. "Here." He would pass the meat to him, and he would put down his book as he would take the meat, and try to eat as much of it as possible. His brother glanced through his books, and a small smile would appear

on his face. "Awwww...look at this, my brother is learning a specific language that only one specific countrysnake can speak. I wonder who it's for~?"

He would go red, and struggle to swallow his mouthful. "B-Bruder!! It is not for him!!"

"He's even admitting it for me! How cute~"

He would hide his head into his hands, and flop onto the chest of his brother. Oh god this is so embarrassing...especially for West Germany. The one who never ever speaks to anyone, and the only time someone did speak to him he fainted.

His brother patted his head, and watched as his brother got so embarrassed. Did he really like Canada that much? There was much to like about him...from his looks to his gentle soul, and even the rumours about him being one of the best at mating. But everyone almost always went for America. He was more cocky, and more loveable than Canada. Maybe they were okay for each other...

He made up his mind. He was taking his brother to the next full moon event, in a week's time. He was going to introduce West to Canada, and let Mother Nature take her course.

West was still buried in East's chest, and his thoughts had turned from being embarrassed to thinking about Canada. I was his eyes. And not the colour, but the way they looked at him...there were no pity in Canada's eyes. There were fire, determination and interest, something that he hadn't seen from anyone else. And it made his body tingle just thinking about it.

He pulled himself away from his brother's chest. He would continue to think about this later on tonight, where no one was watching in his hut. But he couldn't help but think of him again, so much that he couldn't concentrate on his language learning. He would have to continue it later. Also his body felt really really warm. He was probably getting sick again.

Safe to say, he was not getting sick again. As soon as he was picked

up to go back to bed, electric jolts ran through his body, jolts that made him gasp under his breath. This was not some sickness, something else was happening with his body, something that terrified him. His mama guessed so, and carried him to his own hut whilst whispering to Soviet what he thought was going on.

West didn't hear that conversation. All he would think of was how it felt so *good* to be held, to be lifted up in strong arms and just-

He would shake his head, trying to decloud his mind. He shouldn't be thinking like that, not when it was only his mama holding him. Weimar was not Canada. He couldn't get the thought out of his head though...and it kept coming when he was laid down in his nest. Weimar came around, and gently held his hand.

"Do...whatever feels natural my child. Don't be scared okay?" And then he left, closing his door behind him.

But he was scared. He wanted his mom to come back and hold him, for him to make the really good electric feeling come back to his bones. It was something easily addicted to.

He started to rub over his body, trying to get that feeling back again. The tingling came back. But not in all of his body, just in that one region. And, afraid to even touch it in a way that wasn't toilet related, he would slowly slide his hand down and slip over it.

He would immediately mewl, and grab out for something to hold on. His hand landed on a hat, a certain hat that his crush had given him a couple of hatchyears ago. It was very similar to his own, except that the fur was almost a white, and it felt like a rabbit instead of a raccoon.

He would pull it close, and as he figured out which slit he should touch first he would nuzzle it, which helped to calm his fears down for some odd reason. But he guessed it was that silky, maple smell that filled his nose with, and made his glasses steamy. It was also that smell that made him more needier in his touching.

Rubbing his hand downwards, he would brush past his two members, and he almost groaned. He had found the source of the tingles, but his body guided him to his second slit, and as soon as he touched it his body would freeze and he would catch his breath.

His mama always told him that he was special, that not many male nagas got born with both. Plenty of females got born with both (as evident in his siblings), but not males. At this moment in time, he was thankful for both. The feeling from this second slit was so much better than touching his members.

His body pushed him further, and soon he had switched from rubbing to shoving whatever he could find into himself; mainly his fingers but occasionally he would use the handle of something strewn in his nest. A hairbrush tended to be the thing that he would use more often. He was trying to reach something in there.

It was so much for the inexperienced naga, something that he had to go through alone to prevent inbreeding. But that maple scent always calmed him down a little. Unknowingly to him, the Canadian had scented it on purpose, hoping to draw him in as a mate. Seemingly it had worked, but Canada didn't know. Yet.

Finally he reached it, and he involuntarily moaned quite harshly. His mind was clouded, but not clouded enough to not recognise the sound that had just come out of his mouth. His poor sisters and brothers, did they have to go through the same thing but without someone in mind?

He kept slamming against it, his other hand grasping at his members in a desperate attempt to chase that high that that particular spot had given him. After a few more slams the knot that had developed in his stomach gave way, and both areas of his body released. His upper body trembled as this happened, and he panted as he slowly tried to calm himself down, but couldn't. All he could think of was Canada.

--East Germany's POV--

To say the least, East was more than relived when his parents told him that he was in heat. His twin was very late, as they were nearly fully grown at this point and they were supposed to have experience in their heats and ruts by now.

He would think back to his teasing of his twin. At least he was happy. East? He couldn't find his mate, no matter how hard he tried to look. But then again...

One human had caught his eye. And not going to lie, he had...liked them. But he hadn't seen them around recently, and he got worried that they had been fired.

He would have to wait to find out.

I might as well make this a small book hmm? Idk though

Royal Kingdoms (Part 1)

Reichtangle x Austria-Hungary, hope you enjoy it :)

--Reichtangle's POV--

The floors shined as he walked down the freshly polished hallway, small and beady eyes peering from the black chasm that always seemed to scare the eldest of servants. He was only making sure that the preparations for the ball that evening were going to be perfect.

Christmas. Something that he didn't normally celebrate, but did after one of his adopted sons, Weimar, married off and had about a million kids. Well, he supposed that 17 wasn't *that* many, but it got him jealous.

He had never been able to have children, despite being an alpha. It wasn't the fact that he couldn't get a partner willing to bear his children; trust him, he had tried several different times with several different omegas and betas. But after he got evaluated by Austria, things made more sense. He physically was unable to produce children and that had resulted in him adopting his two sons. Wasn't the worst thing in the world, though his youngest, Third Reich, was a pain in the ass to deal with, and acted like a 12-year-old on a suicide mission rather than a 60-year-old retired country.

Reichtangle was retired too but still helped to run the castle and advice two of his grandsons, East and West Germany, on what should be done in different circumstances. They were a unique set of twins, and at times he swore they could mind read each other. They would finish each other sentences (and food if West wasn't feeling particularly hungry), and they both knew exactly what had been done without even speaking. East ran the social side of things; listening to complaints in the throne room, doing public talks, that sort of thing, whilst West controlled a lot of behind the scenes stuff, such as all the paperwork that East could give him plus private

meetings.

He got to the ballroom and walked into the room. It was stunning, as always; the dance space was expertly polished, and the tables were just being set out. But he noticed something as he walked over to the tables to inspect. They were too narrow together, there was no way that anyone with sight issues, or West in his wheelchair, would be able to get through that. After a few confusing hand gestures from the silent giant, the staff knew what he wanted and quickly fixed it.

His next stop was the kitchen. In it, the head cook and her assistant buzzed around, busy preparing all the food needed to feed hungry Countries. They noticed him and bowed before continuing to prepare.

"Reich, everything is nearly ready." The head chef would chuckle as Reichtangle would reach out towards one of the sweets that she had laid out for him to try. She had been his cook for her whole lifetime, starting to work in the kitchens at 10 and now being his head chef. She was practically his third child (and everyone seemed to know this), hence the lack of royal pronouns.

She would smile as a small grunt of satisfaction could be heard from the giant. "I am assuming that the sweets are up to your standard?" A nod and a grin told her so, and she would giggle. "I'm sure your guests will approve!" He would walk out again as she turned back to continue her cooking.

At least that was all taken care of. And as he walked back, he didn't know how much time he had spent just wandering aimlessly. Because as he got to the front of the castle, his first guests were arriving. Britain and his family, always punctual despite America looking like he had just woken up five minutes ago. He would be fine after destroying half of the deserts.

And as he greeted them, his old enemy would gently slap him in the arm instead of the usual European greeting; he was too tall, plus he didn't have any cheeks to kiss.

-Britain's POV--

"My old chap, how have you been?" A smile, and a grunt with one tap on the shoulder in return. He hadn't forgotten about his condition and had actually remembered how he had communicated. One tap for yes, two for maybe, three for no. "That's good to hear, so good to hear chap." France greeted him too before rushing after America to make sure to leave food for the others that were coming.

He followed the taller country through to the hall. It was obvious by his expression that he was proud of it, and he should be. Britain still didn't know how Reich got those floors so expertly polished. And he would never reveal his secrets.

Inside of the ballroom, it was perfectly decorated, with decorations hanging on the walls and ceiling. And in five minutes, the ballroom would fill up with all sorts of guests from different kingdoms; even the Russian Kingdom was there. Impressive that he managed to get the unsociable family to come. For now, though, Britain would mingle into the crowd, keeping a firm eye on Reichtangle. He wanted to see if the rumours were true.

--Reichtangle's POV--

He waited, for him to show up, and would even refuse dances with the such of Spanish Empire, or even Russian Empire. And eventually, he would get impatient, and go out onto the balcony.

He had completely forgotten that he didn't like parties and preferred to be outside.

The freshly revealed moonlight shone over his partner's skin, showing off that contrast of red and green along his neck and through his ungloved hands. His deep red hair was rather untamed today, spiked bits poking out of where his hat would normally sit. Not that he minded though. He preferred it that way, so he could fix the hair himself. And he was smaller, much smaller than Reichtangle. Which just made the empire even cuter (in his opinion).

And his eyes. Reich can boast and say he had been the only person (aside from his sons and parents) that has seen Austria-Hungary's eyes; his left, a soft and delicate green, almost comparable to peas

or newly grown grass, his right, a flaming ember of red that screeched with fire, ambition and desire. Gently placing a hand on his partner's shoulder, he would watch as he turned around to his general position.

"Oh, Reichtangle...I've been waiting outside for you for ages? Did you forget again that I didn't like being in crowded places?"

Tap.

"Aww, it's okay my dear. You know I can't stay mad at you..." And in response he would grip onto his hands and smile up at him, small soft hands grasping at big rough ones. Slowly, he would pull his partner towards him, almost purring at the way that he could easily rest his chin on the other's hat, and slowly waltzed along to the music.

I got lazy-

A/N #2

Apologies but this OneShots book is forever closing.

There is another Oneshot book coming, more focused on my AU and stories within the AU.

You can request them here if you want.

Thank you all for reading and good night :)

A/N #3

So hi

i'm going to pile all of my other one shot books into this one

so yay

(Oiled Machines AU) Money Fuelled Ambitions (Part 1)

USSR x Weimar Republic

TW: description of PTSD

--Weimar's POV--

Walking out of the League of Nations paid carriage and into the building, he would look around, claws buried in a patched jacket and his cap placed onto his head. His shabby wings and tail would occasionally touch the floor as he walked towards the said building. To anyone else, he would look like a ruffian; a homeless and useless person. And technically he was. He was living in the streets of Berlin, begging for change like the countless other citizens. The only difference was, he had a flag sprawled along his face, showing that he did in fact belong to that country's land and that he was supposed to be representing it. So he couldn't die when his body started to give up, leading him to use a handmade walking stick to help him walk. He couldn't die when he was throwing up stomach acid, his body crying for food. And he couldn't die when other poor souls stomped him for his change, leading to his sellotaped glasses.

He was beyond nervous. His father had just died (not that he cared) and was awaiting Dachine approval, and his brother was moping around and surviving off of his father's money. Or selling drugs. One of the two. Weimar refused to stoop that low, even as he lost his house and was condemned to the streets. At least his record was clean.

Walking around the building and using his homemade cane for support, he could see why it was chosen for a League of Nations base. The interior was extravagantly decorated, with images of each of the countries part of the organisation on the walls. He noticed a few gaps in the rows of pictures and sighed. Great, that was exactly what he needed, more reminders of dead relatives that didn't

remotely care about his mental well-being when they sent him into battle. He would slowly walk up to the meeting room door, and after hesitating he would knock three times on the wooden surface. A small 'Come in!' was heard, and he opened the door only to stop dead in his tracks.

56 pairs of eyes stared back at him.

He had never felt so nervous in his whole life. Shoving his claws deeper into his pockets, he would scan the room. A few familiar faces, though that wasn't good for Weimar. The faces he recognised were faces that he recognised when he was captured during one of the final battles for his father.

British Empire was as...interesting as ever. Although not as terrifying as the Spanish Empire, who was quite possibly the tallest being here, he was most certainly intimidating, his monocle still shining through whatever those creatures were made out of. Some said that the black substance that made up their bodies was a consequence of politics. He was more inclined to believe that than a secret organisation pumping them full of it.

Tearing his eyes away from the monocle, he would glance around some more. More of the general Europeans were there, but one person made him extremely anxious. France. With their stare, and their grimacing face and angry shakes, it almost made them look similar to his father when he found out that Austria-Hungary had died.

He would sit down, right next to France where his nameplate was on display, and as the League of Nations walked into the room he would notice Weimar sitting down, and he would nod his direction.

"Nice to see you finally showing up to one of these meetings." He would nod back to the organisation before fiddling with his pen. Words could not describe how terrified he was, and he had only just realised in this moment of terror how hungry and how tired he was. Not only would his face grimace in pain as his stomach rumbled, but his whole body would also tremble. And his eyelids would droop every so often, but he would always force them back open again. He really was close to mortal death.

As League of Nations went on about some stuff, he would try his hardest to concentrate, scribbling down as much information as possible. Maybe it would distract him from everything going on back at home, or maybe he was distracting himself from that awful glare from France. The notes wouldn't be used, however. He was quite possibly the first Countryhuman to not be involved in the politics of his country, meaning he wouldn't be able to change anything that was happening. So why was he writing those notes? He had no one to connect to, no one to talk to. He was alone, always alone. And it felt horrible. He was always an outgoing person, always wanting to talk to people that wanted to talk to him.

He was so lost in his mind that he hadn't realised that a shadow-filled in the seat next to him, and that League of Nations along with everyone else was looking extremely worried. He risked a look, and nearly caught himself at the height of this familiar person.

Soviet.

The boldfaced, deep redded skin of the person who had previously saved him from being gassed by his own soldiers had survived that stab to the eye that Weimar had given him after waking up to that (at the time) awful surprise. Hopefully Soviet wouldn't hold it against him. It was hard to judge his face. He held it surprisingly emotionless, and he held it well, even as he heard the snickers from a certain American from across the room. Weimar guessed that it was the horns. What was wrong with horns? His brother had horns too, and he had ones (although they never grew properly due to an accident), they were inherited from great-grandmother Teutonic Order. Or perhaps it was his tail? Again, Weimar didn't see anything wrong with having a tail.

Slowly glancing back to his papers, he would try to ignore the shifting giant beside him. Was...he nervous too? Never would he think to see him nervous. Although he had only seen him a couple of times over his time in the trenches, he always had either an emotionless or a war-ready face on him. Some people adjusted to war better than others.

He could remember everything. He could hear everything again. The way the guns fired, how he charged to the other trenches and killed on

instinct. How he helped set up traps for the Allies and how he used gas on his enemies. And how one of his soldiers 'accidently' gassed their own trench.

He lay there for hours, in agony, not having breathed enough to kill him but enough for his body to slowly shut down, and be killed in a few days by internal bleeding-

And that was when he felt a tap on his shoulder, not realising that people were leaving. He jumped at the sudden touch and looked up at Soviet, who looked like he was expecting Weimar to answer something. Silence, awkward silence. Then, a rumble of relief.

"Im guessing you didn't hear..." A with, and Weimar would keep looking up at him. "Money not good right now, is it?"

That...was not the first thing he expected to hear from his mouth. Nevertheless, it was true, and he slowly nodded.

"I would if I could...but my job couldn't afford to hold onto me, and then just everything with the economy is going downhill..."

"Oh, you don't work...in the government?" He would watch as the Soviet thought it over, his mind being boggled. "But why?"

"Because I don't want to end up like Spanish Empire...or British Empire..." He pushed up his glasses again, watching as Soviet observed him more.

"I'd like to bring you a proposal. I know I'm not a fully fledged member of the LoN for now, but maybe just a private meeting...one on one?"

Oh. That was unexpected for Weimar. But without thinking, he would not and accept where they were going; the cafe right next to the League of Nations building, in a week's time. That should get...interesting.

(Oiled Machines AU) Blind Date

Egypt x Japan , tw for shipping.

--Egypt's POV--

She sat at the table, hands elegantly folded into her lap as the blindfold was wrapped around her eyes. Her friend, Libya, suggested that she should try blind dating after finally being confident enough from the horrors of being adopted into the British Empire. And who was she to refuse such a kind offer?

Despite Islam being a prominent religion in her country, she believed in what her mother had taught her, the Ancient Egyptian religion. Multiple gods, each representing something, and each having a purpose. And she respected cats as much as her mother did.

She just hoped that her date, whoever they were, were okay with their beliefs. She couldn't date someone who didn't respect her and as someone as bold as she was during meetings, it just wouldn't work. And hopefully they were a dude. There was nothing wrong with females of course, but she was more attracted to the male body than the female. That was why she sometimes shifted into a male body, to more easily fantasize and wonder about her partner.

The chair scraped beside her, and she perked up. They, whoever they were, were here, and she couldn't help but immediately wonder their outline. But she didn't have to for long. They gently took her hand into their own, and the gloopy texture could only mean one of three countries that she knew of.

Reaching up, she would tear off her blindfold before starting into the eyes of her best friend of 10 years, best friends since after WW3. Japan, sitting there as elegantly as he could considering he struggled to hold together his body on a daily basis. And she would never imagine that Japan would want to go on a date with her. And at that moment, she had noticed something that she had never

noticed before.

Two gloopy cat-like ears, and the tail that would flick around occasionally. She would immediately let go of his hands and then bow her head before taking his hands again. Japan was the first to speak, and Egypt was waiting for him to speak so that she could hear him. Plus it was polite to let the figure that partially represented one of her gods to speak first.

"Hello, Egypt..." His soft voice would ring through her ears, and it was enough to nearly knock her down. But she stayed strong, and observed her date.

"Japan...I would never imagine that you would have come here...and in such an intimate way too..." She would continue to observe, to stare, and to worship her date. Oh this was perfect in everyway...whom she had believed was a reincarnation of her god wanted to at least test out a date! To her words he would get flustered, his white skin tinting in a light shade of red and his ears flicking nervously.

All through their dinner, they would exchange small conversation, soft and almost in a whisper, as if they didn't want anyone else to hear what they were saying. It sent shivers down Egypt's spine everytime her date talked, and she wanted it to stay that way.

Unfortunately, the end of the dinner came faster than they would have liked. But that wouldn't matter, for Japan would offer a second date and Egypt would immediately accept.

After all, who could deny the asking of a reincarnated God?

Sorry it's short but I'm not good with writing straight ships :)

Incorrect Quotes (probably a part 1)

Because I can

Kazakhstan: You know, I'm starting to regret showing you how that blender works.
East Germany, drinking toast: Why do you say that?

Russia and America, discussing their plan to get out of the house in the morning.

America: I personally don't think it's possible to come up with a crazier plan.
Russia: We could just attack them with hummus.
America: I stand corrected.
Russia: Just keeping things in perspective.

East Germany: I can't tell if you're a genius or just incredibly arrogant.
West Germany: On a good day, I'm both.

Russia: What if mayonnaise came in cans?
Kazakhstan: Well that would suck because you can't microwave metal.
Canada, walking into the UN meeting room: Good morning to everyone except these two people.

America: Everyone synchronise your watches.
Russia: I don't know how to do that.

Canada: I don't wear a watch.
West Germany: Time is a construct.

Kazakhstan: Ugh, crushes are so dumb.
East Germany: I know. Whenever I'm near the person I like I just start acting stupid.
Kazakhstan: But you're always acting stupid?
East Germany: ...
East Germany: Yeah, don't think about that too hard.

Wales: What is this!?
France: That's the weight of guilt. Give in to the nice side. Help those unfortunate, and make the guilt go away, my friend.
Wales: Ow! Make it stop!
France: Surrender to your kindness, Wales. It's nice to be nice.
Wales: Your guilt is strong, my friend. But it is no match for the power of my selfishness!

Scotland, in the hospital: Will you visit me when I get out?
England: Lol nah, I hate graveyards.

Scotland: I drink to forget but I always remember.
America: You're drinking orange juice, Uncle.

West Germany: From now on we will be using code names.
West Germany: You can address me as Eagle One.
West Germany: Australia is "been there done that".
West Germany: Russia is "currently doing that".
West Germany: Canada is "it happened once in a dream".
West Germany: Wales is "if I had to pick a dude/gal/enby".
West Germany: And America is...
West Germany: Eagle Two
America: Oh thank god.

New Zealand: So are you gonna explain how the hell you crashed my car?
Russia: Well we were driving and there was a deer in the road, so I said "America, deer!"
New Zealand: ...And what did America do?
Russia: ...They said, "Yes, Honey?"

Wales: Why is it that I always lose things as soon as I need them?
Russia: Actually, it's not that you lose things when you need them. You lose them a while before. It's just that you LOOK for things when you need them.
Wales: Okay yeah thanks Russia, that's great but WHERE'S THE FUCKING FIRST AID KIT?

America, very tired: Can I sleep in your bed?
Canada: **half-asleep** America, this is a queen-sized bed. That means it's for **gestures vaguely to themself** the Queen.

America, holding a kettle: Coffee or tea?
Scotland: Tea.
America: Wrong. It's coffee.

Now presenting some German family moods because they're the most developed characters in my whole series lmao.

West Germany

- I only have two emotions: exhaustion and stress. And I'm somehow always feeling both simultaneously.

- Pros and cons of dating me. Pros. You'll be the cute one. Cons. Holy shit, where do I begin-

East Germany

- I've never encountered a problem that can't be solved by a spontaneous musical number.

- My heart is guarded but like... very poorly. The kind of guards that would let 3 kids in a trench coat into an R rated movie.

Weimar

- Sometimes I'll start a sentence and I don't even know where it's going. I just hope I find it along the way.

- I didn't even realize how sarcastic I was being. It's starting to become a problem, I think.

Third Reich

- Okay okay, stop asking me if I'm straight, gay, bi, whatever. I identify as a FUCKING THREAT.

- Am I a boy? Am I a girl? It doesn't matter. I'm going to burn your house down.

- I dunno if I'm ready to process the ramifications of this bullshit.

- Blackmail is such an ugly word. I prefer extortion. The X makes it sound cool.

Second Reich

- I have yet to encounter a problem where a sword didn't factor into the solution at least in some way.

- I'm feeling it! What am I feeling? Death, probably.

AHE

- I'm sick and tired of being called 'mortal' like, you don't know that. Neither do I. I have never died even ONCE. Nothing has been proven yet. Stop making assumptions. It's rude.

- I'm so tired of this life of darkness. I want to be a Roomba. I want knives taped to me. And I want to be set loose.

And finally, now presenting some quotes inspired by . *Their ideas are basically what my Dachine countries are like after they're dead, they just get bored and make shit up.*

Third Reich: A sprite is anything not static.
Japanese Empire: A sprite is a variable object, be it 2D or 3D.
Fascist Italy: A sprite is a fucking soda.
Fascist Italy: You goddamn geekass asses.

Soviet: Fuck capitalism. It's a rigged system that keeps us poor and it isn't fair. You shouldn't need to work three jobs to afford basic necessities.
Soviet, playing Monopoly: Sorry, if you wanted to win you should

have tried not being poor.

Third Reich: sSSSHIT- I BURNT MY LIP-
Soviet: ...Why the fuck would you even drink coffee with a METAL STRAW in the FIRST PLACE??
Third Reich: BECAUSE WE WERE OUT OF THE PLASTIC ONES!

Young Russia: Here's the cold medicine you asked for.
Young Russia: *dumps 3 shopping bags of wine on the table*
Soviet: ...Thanks.

AHE: I think I should be allowed on ghost hunter tv shows.
Second Reich: I think that would be dangerous for the ghosts.

Germany: Honestly, I am so evil. So full of darkness. I feed off the souls of the living I strike fear into-
Russia: You sleep with a teddy bear.
Germany: He's my sECOND IN COMMAND IN MY ARMY OF DARKNESS!

Demon: Hey, I took your soul last month and-
Germany: No returns.
Demon: *sobbing* But it's making me sad...

Germany: *seductively takes off glasses* Wow, you're... blurry.

Germany: Are oranges named orange because oranges are orange or are oranges called orange because oranges are orange?
Russia: Which came first, the orange or the orange?
UK: Orange was first used to refer to the fruit 1280 years ago but was not used as a colour until 1000 years ago.
France: What was the colour called before then?
America: There was no colour, duh! Everything was black and white!

I hope you have enjoyed reading this shitpost lmao
maybe I should make a book just for this type of stuff

(Modern Day AU) Fields of Poppies

Today was quiet. Not many people were out. He walks up to the monument, blind cane in one hand and the pipes in the other.

He had always done this tradition, even if he couldn't see since the end of the Second World War. It was always important to him to pay his respects to the dead - his father, Scandinavia, had taught him that - but today was specifically for the deceased soldiers who had died, believing that it truly was a war to end all wars, only for it to happen again.

And again.

And again.

At this time of year, the roads would ice and snow would occasionally fall. Snow was falling today, coating the top part of his pipes and his hat white, and no doubtedly his shoulders too. He was glad for his kilt. One that he had for centuries, going through battle after battle, war after war, and gunshot after gunshot. Many a time would a bullet go through the tartan, and many a time would have to be stitched up after a hard sword fight.

Scotland still had his sword. In fact, he had a written letter from the UN, telling any PC that stopped him that he was allowed to carry his sword. He didn't just use it for fighting, at this point it was almost an extension of his limb. It just felt weird without it.

His adoptive family's brothers and sister helped him to the memorial. Not by physically guiding him, but with small warnings of 'the steps are in front of you' or 'there's a tight corner here'. Although he fights with them a lot, he is thankful to have them by his side. Northern Ireland had always been his favourite, and Wales had always been England's favourite, but he still loved the little ones a lot. Not the same could be said for England, but he had

grown to forgive him for all those years of fighting. Finally, he made it to the foot of the statue, and a small salute he would give to the statue before starting up the pipes and starting to play that song that would give any soldier chills.

Flowers o' the forest.

Now to any non-British person, this song may just seem as a slow song, one sad enough for funerals. However, it is normally reserved for people who are soldiers. It was played during the First World War, over mangled bodies when they were buried in the middle of war. When the screams and the violence still played out, the pipes and bugles still rang through, giving these soldiers one last song before they were sealed away in pitch blackness, and the fight would continue. Musicians were a big part of the army; so were the brave journalists, who would risk their own lives just to take one picture to show the world what exactly was happening in these horrible, horrible trenches.

It rang out, having the same amount of impact today as it did when those first notes rang out a long time ago. And then silence, smack bang on 11.

After 2 minutes, the pipes started up again. A slow tune but still a little faster than the lament that he had just played. An old song from his Jacobite days, one that sung through the hills whenever they had lost a battle. After his siblings had said their pieces, including his brother blowing his bugle - something that he both had heard enough and also not heard enough of at the same time - they started their trek downwards again, with sorrow hearts and heavy minds.

The 11th of November. An important day for all of us. It marks the end of the First World War, and the beginning of several reborn country's lives.

Let us remember these brave men and women, and all they sacrificed .

Apologies for th is coming out late, I had forgotten the toll that this day takes on me.

Another incorrect quotes because i suck at content

I do hope you enjoy these lol

_____

Weimar: What is your biggest weakness?
USSR: I can be uncooperative.
Weimar: Okay, can you give me an example?
USSR: No.

_____

Weimar: What's up guys? I'm back.
USSR: What the- you can't be here. You're dead. I literally saw you die.
Weimar: Death is a social construct.

_____

The group is getting into the car
Weimar: I'm driving.
Third, out of view: Shotgun!
Soviet, turning to face Third: Aww! But you had it on the way here-
Everyone except Third: WOAH-
Third, holding a shotgun: No! I found a shotgun! And I want the front seat! *Pumps gun*

_____

Weimar: What if I press the brake and gas at the same time?
Third: The car takes a screenshot.
Soviet: For the last time, get the fuck out.

_____

Soviet: Man, I only ever see you awake, do you ever shut down or

stop running?
Weimar: Oh, I'm always running
Weimar: The question is from what

_____

Germany: Who the fuck added me to a fucking group chat?
Russia: >:O language
Poland: Yeah watch your fucking language
France: OKAY WHO TAUGHT POLAND THE FUCK WORD?
Britain: 'The fuck word'.
Ireland: Are you stupid? You guys use the f word all the time
Poland: Oh my god they censored it
Britain: Say fuck, Ireland.
Poland: Do it, Ireland. Say fuck.

_____

Germany: Time for plan G.
Russia: Don't you mean plan B?
Germany: No, we tried plan B a long time ago. I had to skip over plan C due to technical difficulties.
Poland: What about plan D?
Germany: Plan D was that desperate disguise attempt half an hour ago.
France: What about plan E?
Germany: I'm hoping not to use it. Britain dies in plan E.
Ireland: I like plan E.

_____

Germany: You're the love of my life and my best friend, I would do anything for you.
Russia: I want you to eat three meals a day and have a decent sleep schedule.
Germany: Absolutely not.

_____

Germany and Russia skipping stones on lake
Germany: It's such a beautiful evening.

Russia, whispering: Take that you fucking lake

_____

Germany: You fuckers don't know about my knife stick. It's a knife taped to a stick and it's the ultimate weapon.
Russia, not looking up from their book: Spear.
Germany: BLOCKED.

_____

Russia: Okay, truth or dare?
Germany: Truth
Russia: How many hours have you slept this week?
Germany:
Germany: ...Dare
Russia: Go to bed.
Germany: I don't like this game.

_____

Germany: Stop buying plastic skeletons for Halloween! It's terrible for the environment!
Russia: Yeah! Locally sourced, all natural skeletons are much more environmentally friendly!

_____

Germany: How's the sexiest person here~?
Russia: I don't know, how are they~?
Germany, flustered: I-
Poland, from across the room: I'm doing great, thanks!

_____

Russia: I think I should be allowed on ghost hunter tv shows.
Germany: I think that would be dangerous for the ghosts.

_____

Russia: The best part of an oreo is the cookie part, not the frosting. Deal with it.

Germany: Darkness without light is an abyss. Light without darkness is blinding. You cannot have a coin with one side.
Poland: YO SOCRATES! IT'S A FUCKING COOKIE!

———

Weimar: Guess what number I'm thinking of.
Third: 420?
Weimar: No, that's really immature of you. Someone else guess, and please take this seriously.
Soviet: 69.
Weimar: Yeah it was 69.

———

Third: *pitches an idea*
Soviet, impressed: Huh, there might be something here!
Weimar, under their breath: Yeah, a lawsuit.

———

Third and Weimar fighting in the middle of a League of Nations meeting.

Third: BWWAAAAAAAAAA! Oh, you hear that? That's the wrong opinion alarm.
Weimar: That is not something you actually have installed.
Third: Sorry, say again? I couldn't hear you over my alarm that YOU SET OFF with your WRONG-ASS OPINION.

———

At a bank teller window
America, in a bad Italian accent: I'd like-a to make-a da deposit!
Poland: HEY BUDDY, WAIT, I REMEMBER YOU!
America: *Frantically pours marinara sauce into the vacuum tube*
Poland: GODDAMMIT, IT'S THEM AGAIN!

———

France, holding in their laughter: Hey, how do you ask a glass of water what it's doing?
Young (West) Germany: A glass of water is an inanimate object.

Therefore, it's incapable of having a thought process or understanding basic human language.
France:
France: Water you doing?

———

Russia: A mosquito tried to bite me and I slapped it and killed it.
Russia: And I started thinking.
Russia: Like, it was just trying to get food.
Russia: What if I went to the fridge and it just slammed the door shut and snapped my neck?
Belarus: Are you ok?

RusGer - Boredom - Smut

Just as a quick note: unless you say so, these will all be based on my own designs. They also have human names so I'll list them at the start of each one-shot.

Vlad (Russia)
Körbl (West Germany)
Joe (America)
Susan (America)
Inglebert (Switzerland. Just Switzerland.)

For Russland sorry for the double ping, I got sick of having three seperate books
Word count: 2853

Standing at the front door with a bag of bottles in his arms, Vlad would try and keep them all balanced as he watched his companion struggle to open the door due to the slight tremble in his hands. They were all a little angry after that political meeting that they had since they were once again arguing and all of them hated when the humans argued. It meant that all of them had migraines when they left, so Vlad did what any angry Russian would do and buy six bottles of orange juice.

He had had enough of alcohol. 10 years ago, with the help of Körbl and Joe, he had weaned himself off of that horrible substance that had him in a continuous cycle of forgetting his past and grieving over an abusive adopted dictator, and only now that he was sober he was able to improve relationships and learn about Soviet's iron-grip rule. He mainly had Körbl to thank. Sure, Joe was there for him and ended up being a boyfriend, but Körbl...he would go sleepless for weeks just to make sure that he was not sneaking any alcohol. He would inspect the house, and sometimes he reminded

Vlad of Soviet (mainly because Körbl was his biological son), but he had to keep remembering that it was for the better. And it was. He could now hold down a job, afford a house. The usual stuff when you have a boyfriend to take care of.

The door opened, and he would follow his best friend inside of the chilly house. It was a good thing, they both loved the cold but because of Joe, he always had the house at horrible temperatures.

"Make yourself at home, V." He gestured around before smirking. "Not that you need an introduction to the place."

"Cheeky German." He wasn't exactly lying though, he knew his house inside and out. He even knew where the handmade secret compartments in the house were, the lock on the door upstairs in the house, and the timetables of the others that came to visit the house and weren't in a high-security apartment block. The doorframes were nearly double the standard height for the tall members of his family, and there was even a perch on the roof. It truly was a house that was modified over the hundreds of years that it has existed, near the centre of Berlin and only just missing being cut through by the wall that wasn't standing anymore.

Throwing the folders onto the kitchen table, he would grab a glass before opening a bottle of orange juice and pouring it into a glass under the not-so-watchful eye of Körbl, who was making himself a big cup of coffee, nearly falling asleep on his feet. Tutting gently and carrying his glass in one hand, he would lift his friend up with the other arm and used his height to guide him to the living room couch to rest for now. He would have to try and carry him upstairs, not that that was going to be a problem. He was very light, and he was certain that those prosthetics of his weighed more than his whole body. Not that that was good.

Körbl had a tendency to forget meals, and although that's okay if you're on target or slightly overweight, he had been forgetting full days of eating. Some very rare weeks as well. There had been a few days where he had to be sent to Inglebert because he was so weak, though those days were (hopefully) in the past. Since Körbl had helped him, he was helping him eat better. He was even building muscle with Vlad, though he had to be careful to not work him too

hard.

He would finish off his glass before going to put it into the sink. He'll wash it up tomorrow, before Körbl's dad comes and visits him from his own home, bringing a care package as literally only his dad has done. Vlad has never had any care packages from his empire father, and neither any of his colleagues. But he'll stay overnight, and then phone Joe in the morning to see what was going to be done. Joe was alright with these sorts of situations. After all, Joe suggested it in the first place.

Their relationship was a weird one, to say the least. Yes they indeed loved each other, and yes they wanted to marry at some point, but they rarely had sex with each other. Instead, they would do it other people to fulfil their needs. It was mainly Joe though. Vlad had a really low sex drive, and the times he did want it he managed to do it with Joe. Though that was a couple of years ago, and he hasn't been the slightest interested in that sort of activity since.

Going back through to the living room, he would help up Körbl once again, and held himself together as he would help him to his room. This was done too many times for Vlad to not get emotional during these sorts of moments. Just seeing his best friend, exhausted from all the work that was flung in his direction, plus that food problem, it was enough to upset most people. Apart from those damn organisations of course, the ones that always piled work upon work loads on him.

Reaching his room, he would open the door before plopping him down on the bed. He would shut the door and do a small cleanup of the room as Körbl would just flop backwards and lie there, not even taking off his legs. He would sigh. He hated taking off those legs, not that they disgusted him, but he always thought that he was violating Körbl's privacy despite being reassured several times that he was, in fact, not doing so. Walking over, he would sit beside him before starting to take off his clothes, deciding to dress his top half first before tackling his legs. He would grab a random t-shirt before throwing that onto Körbl instead of the shirt that he was wearing, before undoing his belt and pulling his trousers off to take his legs off.

They weren't a pretty sight. Years of abuse and starvation had led to the stumps being damaged and horribly disfigured over the years. It certainly didn't affect Vlad though, he continued doing his thing and finally got the pair of shorts onto his friend. He would pull the blanket over him but just as he was about to stand up to leave, he had gotten a hold of his sleeve and held it, preventing Vlad from going anywhere.

"Stay here V...I don't want you to sleep on the couch again..." He would yawn and take off his glasses with his other hand. "It's not like we haven't done it before..."

With a sigh and a quiet chuckle, Vlad would plop back down on the bed again and pull his shirt and trousers off, clambering into bed as Körbl shifted to make room for him. He wasn't telling a lie, in fact, it was earlier this exact month that Vlad had been around at Körbl's place. There had been a storm and he immediately drove through the driving rain right to his house to help comfort him, and unfortunately, his dad had walked in on them snuggling in with each other. Not that neither Körbl nor his dad was remotely embarrassed, it didn't even look like it registered in that eagle brain of his. He would scootch closer to Körbl, and plop his head onto his chest as he hugged him. The man was always cold, always, it didn't matter what time of day nor the season, he was always shivering in some way. He tried to go to sleep and tried very much. His brain was exhausted from the day of yelling and arguing, but his body wasn't.

His brain, although it was exhausted, was still going into overdrive. What if Körbl didn't want him there? What if he was just faking that he enjoyed his company? He couldn't get these thoughts to leave his mind, and after about an hour of just laying on Körbl's chest and staring at his stomach with these thoughts, he would raise his head, look at his face, and he would gently poke his cheek to get his attention.

"Hey, Körbl? Are you awake...?" A silent pause, before he shifted and sat up a little, giving Körbl's torso some breathing space. After a while, he would sit up to an upright position and look down at Vlad.

"Yeah, V?"

"I...um..." He would sigh and shift closer, hugging Körbl again. "Are you definitely okay that I'm here? Like...I don't want you to feel awkward or anything..."

"V..." He would feel Körbl wrap his arms around him, and he would squirm when he felt him talk against his neck, tickling his skin and feeling the hairs spike upon his neck. "Do you honestly feel like that?" A squeak would come out of his mouth when he would take his skin into his mouth and gently bite down onto it, not enough to leave marks but enough for Vlad to feel it. He would nod, and his hands would squeeze the yellow skin underneath him, slowly slipping underneath his shirt and running them up and down his torso.

"D-Da..." He would pant breathlessly and as Körbl pulled away from him he would take the chance to pull off his t-shirt before letting him go back to starting to attack his neck. "Körbl...we...we have another m-meeting tomorrow...ah..." He would grab onto his shoulders and slip into Körbl's lap, squirming a little and panting more. Körbl knew exactly how sensitive he was, and knew exactly how to push his buttons. He would continue to talk in that voice of his; it wasn't deep, but it was more the accent that drove Vlad more into his high, as well as the slight hoarseness behind from the years of smoking.

"Does it look like I care, V? Hmmm?" He would pause until he got a response from Vlad, a simple shake of the head was all it took until he got back to talking. "Exactly...did you see the state that Susan came in? Nobody but the stupid humans cared...and I can assure you, she'll be doing it again tonight...so why not us?" He could just *feel* that all-knowing smirk on his neck, knowing that he was right and that he was extremely proud of himself for being that right. Vlad couldn't even be mad with him. Vlad's president wouldn't even look at him, being too caught up with talking with other presidents to keep an eye on his biological CH. He always felt jealous of the relationships that Körbl and his counterpart had with his other presidents. So why not bite back at his own?

He would smirk before relaxing, starting to squirm in his lap in a

more regular way, doing small movements before putting both hands on Körbl's chest and pushing him down onto the bed, giving him more room to tease him. He would make sure that he had himself directly over Körbl's slowly-hardening crotch before gripping onto his torso get again, not being embarrassed about letting himself go. He could feel Körbl's eyes on him and it made him slightly mewl, gripping onto his chest more and squeezing him more under his grip.

He would squeak when Körbl would eventually have enough of his teasing and pull him down towards his face, and a small smirk would appear before he would smash his lips into Vlad's. He would have no problem returning the gesture, wrapping his arms around his neck as he would slowly have his bottom half uncovered. Körbl would poke his tongue in and Vlad would gladly allow him more freedom, and tilting his head before grabbing onto Körbl's small amount of stubble and holding his face as he kissed him as much as he could. Feeling a tight grip on his rear end, he would push into the hands behind him and would let out a soft groan as he felt him dryly poke at that hole before gripping at his ass and squeezing.

Not moving his body, he would slip his hands under before pulling off his shorts, sitting on what remained of his friend's legs. Körbl wasn't exactly big, and not even average compared to Joe, but at least he could fit all of him into his mouth. And at least he could walk in the morning too. Putting his up against Körbl's, it was clear his point was noticeable, and a chuckle would escape out of his lips.

"Körbl...top or bottom?" A silent thought before he would grip both of their cocks together, slowly rubbing them both.

"Top...you can handle the pain better than I can...apart from stating the obvious." He would continue stroking their cocks together, occasionally flicking a thumb over their slits, and Vlad would use that opportunity to cling to his chest with one hand and wet his fingers with his other hand, making sure to have them as wet as possible before slightly leaning forward and starting to poke himself. It was easier for him to open up than Körbl, he bottomed a lot and he would be lying if he said he hated the chance to bottom again.

Lying on his chest, he would groan and let himself go, feeling Körbl grip onto his ass with one hand and his hair with the other. He would grip onto it and yank his face up, staring into Vlad's face as he continued to finger himself. He soon had four fingers shoved up him, and at this time he was pressed against Körbl's chest with his chin digging into his chest, panting and groaning without care as he attempted to shove his whole hand into himself. A smack on the ass brought him back to reality, and a laugh would emerge from Körbl's golden throat as he took Vlad's hand out of his own ass and lined him up for his cock.

"I could watch you play with yourself all night, but then that would mean I wouldn't get a piece of the action." He would prod his ass with Körbl's cock a couple of times before shoving himself in, groaning as he had shoved everything in all at once. Despite his stretching, it still stung and he loved it. Without any hesitation, he would start to bounce himself on that cock, clinging onto Körbl for dear life as he would balance himself enough to slowly speed up.

He went slow for a while, just letting Vlad get used to the feeling since they hadn't done it in a while, and he liked listening to his soft pants. Eventually he would get bored once again, like he usually did during these sessions, and Körbl's hands would grab onto his hips, and Vlad would let him slam him up and down, making him gasp out and groan out his name as he was bent to his will. Vlad couldn't help but let out the odd moan, it felt so good inside of him, hitting every nerve and every part that was inside of him. He would gasp out and start to moan louder, squeezing his sides and making them start to bleed due to his nails.

"Oh говно, I-I-I'm so close...oh god please Körbl...everything feels so good..." Letting another groan escape his throat, he would feel his grip getting tighter on his ass. Another few thrusts and Vlad would yelp out as he would feel himself boil and tip over the edge, cumming harshy as he would shout out his name and dig his nails further into his waist.

Körbl wasn't quite finished yet, needing to move Vlad a few more times, driving him into overstimulation before releasing his load into Vlad. It was so harsh that it helped Vlad release a little bit more than usual.

Both of them panted, Vlad sitting there for a while whilst he recovered enough mental energy to force himself to move off of Körbl and flop down beside him, not caring about what happened afterwards. But Körbl did, and even as Vlad protested him getting up, he did anyway, putting on his legs to grab a cloth to help clean him up before they both went to bed. Vlad didn't usually care about aftercare when he was top. That would probably come back to bite him in the ass.

Sorry about how long that took :)

GerFra - Why did I make this one so wholesome - Smut

Very special chapter for a very special friend

Hey

This is your chapter :) so your headcannons and designs shall be used. If you want another, you know exactly what to do >:3 also sorry for the double ping

Word count: 3573

He would walk through the door, his keys jingling as he shoved them in his pocket as he walked in and shut the door behind him. Today was just...tiring. First they had that EU meeting, which he nearly fell asleep during it due to East being an asshole and focusing on that rubik's cube rather than taking notes, and then he had a private meeting after with EU about his sleepiness. Not only that, but he was called in to an emergency UN meeting about why he was behind with the papers that UN had issued him, and Germany was pretty sure that UN was genuinly concerned about why he had been so sleepy and exhausted lately. France had gotten home before him since she only had that EU meeting that morning, and got a ride home with one of her girl friends so Germany had the car to get back home again. He was just...wanting to eat one of France's delicious meals, take a nice relaxing bath, and go to bed and enjoy the weekend with his girlfriend. They were still getting used to living with each other, and although they had small arguments and fights every so often they were usually resolved within 5 minutes of the argument. They hadn't had anything serious and Germany hoped that they would never have one.

During Germany's busy day today, he had failed to notice that it was the 14th. Of February. He hadn't gotten France anything,

purely due to his forgetfulness of dates. Not 5 seconds after he closed the door, a familiar head would peak out from the doorway, wearing an apron and holding a dripping spoon in one hand. Her hair was tied back, revealing her eyes for one rare moment. "Oh heya Germa!" She would go back in, presumably stirring whatever was in the pot, before coming back out and hugging him, wrapping her arms around his waist before squishing his sides. "Oh, how was your extra meetings? I know it's tough when you're there alone, it's unfair for them to single you out like that..."

With a heavy sigh, he would smile and kiss her forehead. "It was better than I had expected, don't you worry..." They would just embrace each other in that corridor, gently gripping each other in their arms and just enjoying this moment of peace that they had. Eventually they had to let go of each other, Germany sighing as France went off to look after dinner. Knowing her impecable timing, the dinner should be nearly ready by now, so he walked into the kitchen, grabbing the orange juice out of the cupboard and pouring them both a glass. They normally only had wine on Saturday's, just so that they could just cut back on alcohol consumption. He would sit down, and smile when France would hum and come over with two plates, piled high with all sorts of delicious foods that smelt all sorts of good. He would give her a set of cutlery before digging into his own plate after a quiet thank you.

"So, how was your day Germa?" France would ask from across the table, watching him inbetween mouthfuls of food to make sure that he was eating. "What was said during those two extra meetings?"

"Oh, about how I was tired and whatnot...UN wanted to speak to East and West too, so that was pretty tiring...what about yourself honey?" He would spoon another spoonful of mash into his mouth, noticing how France ate only after he ate.

"Well, the meeting was okay. You were there, of course...afterwards, I just came home, had a very interesting chat with my girl friends, and started dinner...I figured you were only going to be a few hours." She would smile, and slowly eat her own plate. "It's Friday today, right?"

"Yup...I think so anyway..." He would glance at his phone.

"Yup...ugh UN is still texting me about the meeting on Monday..." He would turn off his phone before shoving it back into his pocket. "That's not important though..." Being silent for the rest of the meal and listening to how France cooked (which he always loved to listen to, it was interesting to hear the different techniques and herbs that she used) and also the tea from whatever they had talked about that Friday (which he also loved hearing, normally he would join in on those meetings if he didn't have extra ones purely for East and West's entertainment), he would finish off his plate and sigh in happiness, being full now. He would lean back a little in his chair and watch France finish her plate. Once she was finished, he would stand up, picking up his dirty utensils before going around and picking up France's too.

"Oh...thank you, darling." She would smile and he would shake his head.

"Nonesense, sugarcube...you cooked, so it's only fair that I clean the dishes afterwards." He would take them to the sink and start to wash them up, humming slightly to himself and not realising that she was walking up behind him. He only noticed when he felt sneaky hands around his waist, gently squeezing the small amount of chub on his sides. He would giggle, it being ticklish, and relax a little into France when she put her head on his shoulders.

She was the only person ever allowed to touch him like this...it never felt bad, or that she was insulting him...it always felt...good. And for once, he was comfortable being like this...it wasn't impacting his health, he wasn't grotesquely obese. He just had a little bit of a dad's body. And if France was okay with it, then he was too.

He would continue with the washing up, resting his head against France's as he put the plates onto racks and emptied the sinks, not noticing France's hand sneaking around to the front of his stomach and gently squeezing that part of his body too. He would jump to her touch and chuckled when he felt her smile. "Fraaaance...what are you suggesting, hmm?" He would chuckle, and wrapped an arm around her shoulder before kissing her cheek, not at all picking up on his hints.

One thing about Germany, is that he was a little slower when picking up on flirts and some other suggestive actions. He *would* eventually pick up on the hints, but most of the time France would have to tell him outright what she wanted. If that was his only fault, then France thought she was doing fantastic. She thought after a couple of times, he would start to pick it up, but he wasn't. His forgetfulness too, she was slightly disappointed when she had to remind him of dates, but she wouldn't mind. He would always panic and try to make the day better when she reminded him that it was their anniversary, or her birthday. She realised that he would even skip through christmas and new years if it wasn't for her reminding him of the dates. Not that she could complain though, she had the best and most understanding boyfriend the world could ever give her, and if she had to wait all these years just to have these few years of life and enjoyment with him, then it was years well spent waiting. Dates weren't important, what was important was that he was still by her side.

Plus he was shorter than her and very cute and chubby. That was a definate plus.

She would smile at his innocent kiss on her cheek before just watching him wash out the sink and dry his hands. With one last small pat on his stomach, she would pull away from him and just wait patiently. She knew he loved her touches, and sometimes - very rarely, in fact - he would ask for them. He would turn around, and just watched her before walking over and smiling.

"Well. I suppose it's bathtime, isn't it darling?" She would gently poke his slightly chubby cheeks before turning and walking out of the room, glancing over her shoulder to make sure that he was following. And, as per usual, he would follow her to the bathroom, look around, before grabbing clothes from the bedroom and coming

back with them. He may be forgetful with some things but at least he's highly organised. She would wait until he would put them down before gently grabbing onto his tie and pulling him closer. "Did you forget about the date again, darling?" A small smile appeared on her face, and she would watch as his face would go from confused to remembering the date, and then flushing in embarrassment.

"Oh...I...goddammit, sorry France..." He would start to turn away but she would keep her hand on his tie, reaching up with her other hand and grabbing a hold of his chin before slowly turning his chin all the way towards her.

"Don't turn away from me now, mon cheri..." She would smirk before letting go of his chin to slowly pulling off his tie, smirking and watching his face as his brain worked in overtime to try and understand her actions. She would gently kiss his cheek again, and after working on getting his tie undone she would finally do so, putting it in the basket that he liked to use for his clothes before working on his shirt. She would feel his hands around her and slowly running his hands under her t-shirt. She would reach over and start to run the bath so that it would be warm as soon as they were undressed, before going back to starting to unbutton his shirt, Germany finally got her hints and gently starts kissing her lips. She would gladly kiss back, and although she had to lean down at a slightly awkward angle to kiss him properly, it was still nice.

Holding onto his shirt after she had unbuttoned it, she would pull his shirt off of his body before letting go, letting him pull her t-shirt over her head. She would lean across again and turn off the water, taking her time as she would hear the clink of his belt as he pulled his trousers off behind her. And as she straightened up and turned back towards him, he was just finishing pulling off the last pieces of his clothing.

She would immediately feel her heart start to beat faster, and scanning him up and down she would come closer before wrapping her arms around his neck once again. It had been a while since they had relaxed like this together, and sometimes she would have some guilty pleasures that she would think back on. But not tonight, not at all.

Germany had made quick work of her clothes, swiftly pulling them off of her body and pulling her hair free of their restraints. "We should get in the water before it gets cold, shouldn't we France?" A swift nod and she would slip in, with Germany following suit soon after. Since she was slightly taller, she would have been the backseat, having Germany sitting in-between her legs and resting upon her chest. A good position, for both of them but especially for Germany.

France would reach up, and start to gently run her hands through his hair, letting him keep his glasses on though since she saw how blind he was without them. Germany would lean back into her chest, sighing and relaxing into France's touches. With one hand still gently massaging his head, another hand would make its way down past his shoulders and towards his stomach. A small sound would come out of his mouth as she would gently squeeze his stomach, and a squirm would tell her that she's advancing just right. Slowly, she would use both hands to squeeze the chub around his waist and stomach, whispering into his ear as he would shift up and rest his head on her shoulder instead.

"Are you okay?" She would make her voice sickeningly sweet, and pretend that she had no idea what was going on. She definately knew what was going on, and she knew every single detail of what turned him on and what was an immediate turn off. "What's going on, darling?" And another smirk would appear on her face, making Germany roll his eyes before sighing as she squeezed a part dangerously close to himself.

"France...you know exactly what you're doing..." Well he wasn't exactly pushing away from her. In fact, with every small squeeze and touch, he was getting ever more closer to her.

"Do I? Or are you hinting?" She would let a hand just slip past his crotch, instead gently squeezing the inside of his thigh and making him suck in air through his teeth. She noted that. It had been a long time since either of them was this intimate, to be fair, neither of them feeling that it had been the right time due to stresses at work.

"Definately..." He would sigh, and start to use his head to make small bitemarks along her neck, trying to keep his shortened

breaths under wraps as France finally decided to touch him properly, giving his balls a small squeeze before firmly wrapping her hand around his semi-hard member. Slowly starting to rub it, she would start to make small noises of her own as Germany would (somehow) manage to turn around so that he was facing her, and going back to making small bites on her neck, eventually working up enough courage to use his hands, gently holding onto her breasts and squeezing them ever so carefully. She knew that he was just making sure that he didn't hurt her, but they knew each other inside and out at this point, and seeing him still be so cautious still made her feel as if he was nervous about doing this each time.

France still continued with her ever-slow pace, knowing it drove him mad and that it usually drove him to continue on with his own touches, in which he eventually did. France would eventually stall with her strokes as Germany would shift his own body, running his hands down France's slender physique before eventually ending up starting to gently finger her area, and she would throw her head back and sigh loudly, feeling the relief of finally being touched. She would reach out and grab onto the back of Germany's hair, tugging on it and starting to pant. Even with just one finger, it still felt so good. She refused to touch herself unless it was in Germany's prescence, and it had been a long time coming and she was almost about to break that promise to herself.

She would soon feel two, three, and then finally four fingers slide inside of her, and she was so close to just shoving his head into her chest, and she would if it wasn't underwater at that point in time. Just like how Germany's chub was France's favourite part of Germany, she was pretty sure that her chest was his favourite part of her, judging by the few times that she has caught her drooling at them. Of course he would normally deny that fact, and get extremely flustered about it, but she liked to think that was true.

Panting, he would pull his fingers away, and France would take a deep breath, just out of slight nerves and to try and control her breathing until she could no longer do so. It was always nervous, this part. "Are you okay France?" To that she would nod her head, encouraging him to continue. He would lift both her legs and put them either side of the tub before getting close enough to gently

push in, holding onto her waist. She would breathlessely moan at this, gently biting at Germany's neck like he did to hers. He would give it a minute or two, and as soon as France slightly moved her hips to test the waters, Germany would take the hint and start his thrusting. France would let go of his hair and cling onto the edge of the bathtub, resting the back of her head against the metal of the tub as water would splash around her. Soon she could barely register Germany's voice, her brain only focusing on the intense pleasure that was moving in and out of her at such a rapid pace that he quickly picked up after noticing her moans coming into hearing sounds and not just breaths. At this point, their whole bathroom was like a swimming pool at this point but neither of them were complaining.

Germany was clutching onto her thin waist, thrusting in and out of her like his life depended on it. Once he was worked up, he kept going for a while, normally unable to finish inside, not that France wanted it that way anyway. She was quite comfortable with finishing him off afterwards. He could be quite comfortable with making bruises on her, knowing that France liked the evidence (and he could be quite embarrassed when she would point it out the day after), so he kept squeezing and holding onto her hips until he could no longer. He would let go, and put her legs over his shoulders before managing to get that little bit deeper into her, deep enough to make a difference. France was started to get louder at this point, shaking at his every thrust, and just by how she sounded he knew that he was hitting that part of her that felt good. So he tried to keep going, accidently sticking out his tongue a little as he concentrated on making her feel the best she's had so far, which was working so far. Feeling her switch from gripping the bath to gripping him was a good sign, and he would thrust a few more harsh times before feeling her shriek, and clench around him,

legs tightning around his neck as she orgasmed hard onto him.

He would let her take a little breather, and while she did he would slip out of her and adjust himself so he was sitting on the side of the tub, which was somehow the right height for them. France quickly regained her breathing and immediately scooted over to his dick, touching it gently before going and licking up the sides of him, purposefully taking her time and looking up at him at the same time. Eventually she would take as much of him as she could, getting him to mutter a curse out of his mouth as she massaged what she couldn't reach with her mouth with her hands. He would groan and grabbed onto her hair, holding onto it and the side of the bathtub so he couldn't fall off, and cursing again as he felt her swallow around his cock. He saw her smirk the best she could with a dick in her mouth, and she tried to do it a couple of times more. It wasn't a surprise that it only took three more of those short swallows before she had him yelping out, releasing a pretty hefty load into her mouth, but somehow managing to keep it all in.

He would groan and take it out of her mouth, panting and regaining his breath as he looked over France, who was slightly shaking still from her orgasm a few minutes ago and swallowing the rest of his release in her mouth. Without her flinching or needing to exhaust herself, he would grab a flannel before starting to wash over her body, including her hair, before giving himself just a quick wipedown. He would then get out of the bath and help her out, drying her off as the bath drained. He wouldn't bother putting clothes on, and would sit her down on the toilet seat as he tried himself off and dried the inside of the bath and the floor of the bathroom, just to make it easier and that they wouldn't have to clean all the bubble residue off of the tub afterwards. It just made it easier in the morning.

After all that, he would gently lift France into his arms, and although he wasn't strong he was able to help guide her to the bedroom, towel around her hair, and put her into bed, going around the other side of the bed before turning the light off, taking off his glasses and clambering into the bed too. He would cuddle up close to France, putting his head onto her chest as he would get comfortable.

"Mhmmm...darling, we forgot to....put the leftovers...in the-"

"It's okay France, they can wait till the morning..." He would look up at her before kissing her cheek. "Love ya darling...get some sleep, okay? Happy Valentines."

He would feel an arm wrap around his shoulders. "Love...love you too..." And then he would hear her start to snore, and to that he would slowly drift off too.

W!GerJap - Touring - Smut

Apologies for the long break, my nursing placement is mental. Once again this is for my lovely friend

TW: awkward writing (i ain't used to writing straight smut sorry folks), semi-public I guess? (I mean they're parked in a parking space for the night so probably public), biting, Japan emitting mommy energy-

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West Germany would flop backwards on the campervan, breathing out a sigh of relief as the show for the week was done. Sure, they still had to travel to Texas for the one next Wednesday, but apart from that, their season was over. He loved touring, but it can get a bit much after a while. He watched as the other three filed in, Finland clambering over the seats to reach the driver's seat as South loudly exclaimed about her tired feet. He would pull off his shoes, throwing them to the other side of the van and expertly into the shoe box as he spread out on one of the bunk beds, the van shuddering to life as South clambered into the front passenger seat and Japan sat beside West, relaxing as well.

"Man, that was one hell of a concert." South would loudly yell, putting her feet up on the dashboard much to Finland's displeasure. He would try to push them off but soon stopped, needing to focus on the road as the cars increased. "And now I'm hungry!"

"South you just ate-" Finland would begin to argue with South - something common, but it was never malicious arguing.

"It was one chocolate bar!"

"-a massive 30cm chocolate bar that one of the fans threw onto the stage, I mean how the fuck do you even buy something that big??"

West would chuckle, listening to their small argument as Japan

snuggled into his side, yawning quietly and hugging her arms around his body. He would slowly wrap an arm around her shoulders, pulling her closer as he closed his eyes and leaned back against the wall, just focusing his brain on the vibrations and the radio blasting to drown out the two in the front.

He had woken up again, mumbling to himself as he was woken up from the darkness with the smell of food and Japan gently shaking him. He looked at the food, smiling tiredly since they had just gotten some McDonalds from nearby. He quickly wolfed down his mass amount of fries, preferring to listen to South Korea and Japan loudly talk about their crowd with their mouths full. This was what he enjoyed the most about their little trips, sure the concert playing was a massive bonus but then hanging out as a group was the best part. Soon they were finished, and West leaned back, Japan patting his full belly and Finland burping now and again. South would look over to the two of them, making West more and more embarrassed as she moved her eyebrows in an all-knowing fashion.

West couldn't help himself, fortunately, Finland (and hopefully South Korea) wasn't noticing when Japan had gently slipped her hand underneath his T-shirt and started to gently rub his belly to try and ease his bellyache, which worked...but also worked something else as well. His face was burning from how easily and how little he was touched before his body started to positively react to her. To give him some leeway though, it has been a while since he and Japan had been this close to each other, both of them being so busy with work that the only time they saw each other was at bedtime, and they were so worn out that they both immediately went to sleep afterwards. It was nice, too nice.

South must have suspected them or something, because after staring at West's relaxed face and body she would stand up, grabbing the attention of an unmoving and lying down Finland, grabbing her coat. "Finland, let's go for a walk, hmm? I need to work off all those calories that I just ate." And with a grab of Finland's arm, she would drag him out of the bus, still complaining about being full, leaving West and Japan alone in the bunk area, the silent tension slowly building between them. West would glance at Japan, who smirked at him with one of those smiles before taking his chin and pulling

him closer, drawing the gap and kissing him. He would hum into the kiss, gladly letting her take over as she would slowly clamber over on top of West, holding his shoulders as she sat down on his lap. "Hmmm, you seem so tense, West...the others will be out for a while...I'll help you rest for the upcoming week..." With a smirk she would lean closer to his neck, smirking as she heard his breath hitch up before slowly starting to nibble on his neck. His hands would slowly make their way down to her waistline, gently squeezing them before letting Japan do her magic. Her fingers would ghost over his t-shirt, slowly pulling it over his head as she would run her fingers down his body again, gently squeezing his stomach as he was still slightly bloated from all the food that he had eaten during dinner.

He would sigh and gently readjust himself so he was comfier on the seat, allowing more room to have fun. He had no idea what was in Japan's head, but any touches were better than none, especially since they had been so touched starved since the start of the tour. They had held off from this since the start for their other two member's sanity - it was not nice to be third wheeling - so West was so glad that they were allowed this time alone. Pulling off his t-shirt completely, he leaned back more as Japan would rub his belly more, easing those pains that were starting to come on the back of eating those burgers pieces that he was offered. Why did that restaurant have to slobber everything in cheese?

The pain was still a little dulled down now, and Japan had expertly placed herself directly onto his crotch, just to squirm every once in a while. He kept his hands on her waist, chuckling as she came back down for another kiss. He would let go of her waist, wrapping one around her midsection as she once again took over the kiss. She drew away after a while and smirked before taking off her shirt, letting West stare at her (but mainly her chest) before slipping off her bra as well.

Slightly drooling, he would gently squeeze onto her waist, giggling quietly to himself as the squish had made her squirm more on his crotch, making her realise just how hard he was at this moment. Gently she would clamber off of him, West standing up as well when he realised that she was going to take his shorts off. With a

hand on his chest, she made him sit back down again before removing the rest of her clothing and climbing back on top of him, leaning down towards his ear and nibbling on it before quietly whispering into his ear.

"Have you been good?" That one sentence got him immediately nodding, tightening his grip on her waist as he tried to keep himself grounded and held together at least for another couple of minutes. With a slight giggle, she would gently kiss around his neck, letting him mould and gently run his fingers down his body, making small shivers go up through her spine and spill out some gentle gasps through that clever mouth of hers. Moulding her a little, West would manage to pull Japan closer to him, right over his crotch, and groaned quietly as she would slowly squirm right on top of his dick. West would hold onto her much looser, moaning quietly into her shoulders as she would continue to slowly squirm on him.

Japan's cheeky smirk as she watched her boyfriend fall apart under her grip, always finding it extremely arousing to see his face melt into one of pleasure after long hours of being professional in public. Continuing her movements in his lap and preparing both of them at the same time, she would hold his face in her hands, gently rubbing his blush-tinted cheeks before kissing his lips, loving it when he would go all submissive and meek just for her. Eventually pulling away and deciding that she had enough of teasing both of them, she would gently reach behind her with one hand, glancing behind her to get a rough idea of what she was going whilst West would rub the back of her neck, gently comforting.

She couldn't help herself to just gently rub it, making a very sweet sound fall from West's lips. To her, it slotted into her hand perfectly, with just enough room for her to be able to hold most of it and rub the tip at the same time and with one hand. Sure, it wasn't the biggest in the world, but it was also not the smallest. And at least Japan could *walk* afterwards and handle her boyfriend, she would hate to have to try and prep for anything bigger. She hated prep with a burning passion and would rather be slightly sore than prepare herself. Grabbing the condom that was rather sneakily hidden in West's pocket she would tear it open before sliding it on. This was all that she was ever willing to do, and even then

sometimes she just wouldn't. But this time it would be better for Japan to be a little more cautious.

Finally, after what felt like ages to West, she would start to sink on him, making him release a relieved sigh and hold her hips again, helping her down and groaning quietly as she was finally fully seated on him. He couldn't help but chuckle a little, resting his head on her shoulder and just holding her there for a while, needing to remember this feeling. They hadn't done this in *ages* and West would definitely like to remember it for later on, when they couldn't be so close again. Japan would eventually get impatient and start to move, pushing his shoulders back against the wall and crashing her lips into his in a restless manner. His hands would grip harder onto her waist, helping her to bounce on him whilst also enjoying the rough way she would kiss him. Gently moaning into the kiss, he would quietly gasp as she would start to speed up her moving.

"Scheisse, Japan..." He would groan out, his head leaning back against the wall behind her, exposing his neck which very quickly fell victim to her bites and nibbles, littering his neck and collarbone with pretty dark blue and golden bruises all across his body. He would claw at her back, getting her to speed up to about as fast as she could reasonably maintain. Panting softly, he would put a hand through her hair, trying to hold himself back as long as possible, though that was starting to become a less and less possible option by the way Japan was being very vocal.

Finally, after what felt like ages, he could feel her starting to stutter in her bounces, and holding onto her waist yet again he would hold her whilst thrusting upwards to meet her bounces, pouncing out higher and higher moans out of her and nearing both of their orgasms, gripping onto her more and more, not wanting to mess this up now. Unable to give any kind of worded warning to Japan, he would groan a little more and start to rest his head on her shoulder, letting out his own moans. Japan would eventually have her orgasm, tightening impossibly more around him as he gasped, thrusting twice more times before having his own.

The after-orgasm haze settled in, and West sat on his seat, limp as a wet noodle as somehow Japan had the energy to pull off of him,

causing him to groan a little bit as she would pull the used rubber off and put it into the bin after putting it into a random bag that she had scavenged for. West would slowly pull himself to the bottom bunk, curling up in the blankets as Japan joined him, snuggling up to each other's chest and quickly going to sleep, neither of them bothering to dress which would sure make it awkward the next morning when they had to dress without Finland nor South seeing them.

Hope you liked it Toast!

Incorrect Quotes with (mostly) Weimar and Soviet

Soviet: I want to be with you for the rest of my life.
Weimar: Damn, that sounds like a marriage proposal.
Soviet, getting down on one knee: That's 'cause it is.

Soviet: It's dark in here
Weimar: Don't worry dude I got this
Weimar: *Stomps their feet*
Weimar: *Skechers light up*

Soviet: Hey, Weimar, what do you think it would be like if we had kids?
Weimar: What would it be like? Inconvenient, mostly.
Soviet: No, I mean, what would they be like, the kids? You ever think about it?
Weimar: Can't really say I have.
Soviet: You know, for someone as eccentric as yourself, you can be boring as fuck sometimes.
Weimar: Sorry, Soviet. For what it's worth, I'm picturing them now. A boy and a girl. Two perfect little freaks of nature raised by people who've clearly got no business bringin' up anybody.

Weimar: Please, I'm begging you go to a doctor.
Soviet: I'm sorry is this OUR stab wound? Stay out of it.

Weimar, in a meeting: My policy is if you see something, say something.
Soviet: I saw a squirrel in a tree today!
Weimar, with the tone of someone who is used to Soviet: Outstanding.
Weimar: This is what I'm talking about people.

Weimar: Okay, I'm going to get the wedding cake.
Soviet: Perfect, while you do that I'll check on the ring bear.
Weimar: ...

Weimar: You mean ring bearER, right?
Soviet: ...
Weimar: Look me in the eyes and tell me you are not going to bring a dangerous wild animal to our wedding.

Weimar: I've been dropping them the most insanely obvious hints for like a year now. No response.
Soviet: Wow. They sound stupid.
Weimar: But they're not. They're really smart actually. Just dense.
Soviet: Maybe you need to be more obvious? Like, I don't know... "Hey! I love you!"
Weimar: I guess you're right. Hey Soviet, I love you.
Soviet: See! Just say that!
Weimar: Holy fucking shit.
Soviet: If that flies over their head then, sorry Weimar, but they're too dumb for you.
Weimar: Soviet.

Soviet: Being gay is a constant battle between "I wish to sit on a window bench with my lover, our legs tangling as we listen to the birds" and "Hey, let's go throw rocks at fascists" and I think that's very sexy of us.
Weimar: If the window's open and you time it right, you can do both.

Weimar: My crush isn't picking up on my hints.
Soviet: What hints have you given them?
Weimar: Well, I think about them a lot.
Weimar: And sometimes I even think about talking to them.

Soviet, sweating: Weimar, there's something I need to ask you-
Weimar: Finally! You're proposing!
Soviet: How'd you know?
Weimar: Soviet, you've dropped the ring five times during dinner.
Weimar: I even picked it up once.

Weimar: Heads up if you try to make a candle with food coloring, the food coloring will just sink to the bottom of the glass, and when the flame eventually reaches the bottom all the food coloring will catch fire and become one giant tall flame that you cannot possibly blow out and the glass will start to crack and then you'll throw your

tea on it in a panic and then the extremely hot food coloring will boil and sizzle horribly and then the glass will shatter. Please take my word on this.
Soviet: What did you do?
Weimar: A MISTAKE

Weimar, in a beach shirt: So sue me, it's October and I'd like to be on Island Time for a day!
Soviet: I have Spotify open right now on my computer, do you want me to blast you? Do you want me to put you on blast? Cuz I've got your history right here on the sidebar,
Soviet: Take it Back by Jimmy Buffet, Nautical Wheelers by Jimmy Buffet, Jolly Mon Sing by Jimmy Buffet, Steamer by Jimmy Buffet, trEAT HER LIKE A LADY BY JIMMY BUFFET, MAÑANA BY JIMMY BUFFET, WHEN SALOME PLAYS THE DRUMS BY ***JAMES BUFFET***, HAVANA DAYDREAMIN BY JIMMY BUFFET- What the *FUCK* happened to you?!
Weimar, laughing: I HAD A CASE OF THE MONDAYS
Soviet: ARE YOU HAUNTED?! ARE YOU FUCKING *POSSESSED*?!
Soviet: ***YOU USED TO BE MY FRIEND***
Weimar, cry-laughing: I HAD A cAsE Of THE MONDAys

Weimar: Soviet... Why did you draw a pentagram on the floor?
Soviet: Your text told me to satanise the house before you returned.
Weimar:
Weimar: I wrote sanitise, Soviet.

Weimar: Look. I may not be a saint, but it's not like I've killed anybody. I'm not an arsonist. I've never found a wallet outside of an IHOP and thought about returning it but saw the owner lived out of state so just took the cash and dropped the wallet back on the ground.
Soviet: Okay, that's really specific, and that makes me think that you definitely did do that.

Weimar: So are we flirting right now?
Soviet: I AM LITERALLY STABBING YOU
Weimar: That doesn't answer my question.

Soviet: I think it's time I get my life in order.
Weimar, narrating: But they did not get their life in order. In fact,

they got drunk last night and fought a raccoon.

Weimar: Why does my arm shake and turn bright red when I'm eating dirt?
Soviet:
Soviet: Why are you eating dirt?
Weimar: Did I ask you if I should eat dirt? No, so answer my question.

Weimar: I'm going to hell.
Soviet: Probably.
Weimar: I'll pick you up?
Soviet: *nodding* Carpool.

Soviet: Here you go, Weimar, a nice hot cup of coffee! **Weimar**: It's cold. **Soviet**: A nice cup of coffee. **Weimar**: It's horrible! **Soviet**: Cup of coffee. **Weimar**: I'm not sure if this even IS coffee. **Soviet**: C U P.

And now, enjoy some quotes from the modern countries.

The squad is playing a team sport
Finland: Are you upset you don't get to be on the same team as Spain?
Germany: Have you ever played a game with Spain?
Finland: No...
Netherlands: Have you ever been trapped in a cage with a wolverine?
Meanwhile, on the other side of the field
Spain, chasing Poland: I SAID FASTER! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE WORD "FASTER" MEANS? IT MEANS MORE FAST!!!!

Spain: We've been conducting an ongoing study to see what Finland will and will not eat.

Poland: Grass? Yes!
Spain: Moss? Yes!!
Poland: Leaves? Ohh, yes!
Spain: Shoelaces? Strange but true!
Poland: Worms? Sometimes!
Spain: Rocks? Usually nah.
Poland: Twigs? Usually!
Spain: Germany's cooking? Inconclusive!
Netherlands: How did you... test this?
Spain: You just hand them stuff and say 'eat this' and if they eat it, they eat it.
Netherlands: ... I don't know how to feel about this.
Germany: IS THAT WHERE ALL MY SPARE SHOELACES WENT?

Finland: Problem, I can't tell if this food is over-sauced or undercooked.
Spain: Solution, just pop it back in the oven for another 10 minutes. There's at least a 50% chance that'll fix it, right?
Germany: Result? Food has somehow become unpleasantly soggy and unpleasantly crunchy at the exact same time.
Poland: No better time than this to pull out my favorite word! Slunchy!
Netherlands: ...put it away.

Finland: So we're gonna read what we wrote down so we can tell everyone in the class something about ourselves.
Netherlands: Okay, my name is Netherlands but you can refer to me as Lord Farquad.
Finland: Okay that's not happening- how about you!
Spain: I'm Spain and I like the movie White Chicks!
Finland: ...Okay... whatever, I respect that.
Germany: My name is Germany and I hate this place, it actually sucks here...
Finland: Okay... and you...
Poland: *nervous* Uhhh my name is Poland and my favorite color is... math.

Finland: Okay! Let's play Kiss Marry Kill!
Finland: First who would you kill?
Spain points at Germany

Netherlands points at Germany
Poland points at Germany
Germany: *shrugs* I would kill me too.

Poland: Germany is late again.
Netherlands: How did this happen? I called them at 8 o'clock this morning and pretended it was 11.
Finland: I printed up a fake schedule for them saying we were starting at 9 instead of noon.
Spain: I set their clock to say PM when it's really AM.
Poland: Oh boy. We may have overdone it.
Germany bursts through the door
Germany: WHAT TIME IS IT?

Poland: Guys, I've been meaning to tell you... Germany and I are dating.
Germany, Spain, Finland, and Netherlands: *gasp*
Poland: Germany, why are you surprised?!

Poland, holding in their laughter: Hey, how do you ask a glass of water what it's doing?
Germany: A glass of water is an inanimate object. Therefore, it's incapable of having a thought process or understanding basic human language.
Poland:
Poland: *Water* you doing?